

BUSY MAN'S

M A G A Z I N E



The Charm of Childhood

Is a Clear, Clean and Spotless Skin, Such as is Attained by the Use of Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

A Trial Package of Stuart's Calcium Wafers Sent Free

When you deprive your children of their birthright inheritance of a clear, clean skin, you have deprived them of more than you realize or think. You have in a measure deprived them of caresses and kisses, for no one loves so well to kiss a blotched and pimpled face no matter how sweet and lovable the owner, as one that is smooth and unmarred by unsightly eruptions.

An unhealthy and unwholesome condition of the skin is simply an evidence and indication that the system throughout is not in order; is not at its best and needs attention and the careful parent will be prompt to see that proper attention is given. Pimples and their kin are not causes, but palpable, patent effects. Remove the cause, take away the obstacle to perfect health and loveliness of the skin, and the children will bless you and you must see to this as surely as you are responsible for their being.

Those unsightly pimples and blotches on your children's faces indicate an incorrect condition of the blood and sometimes in the lives of our children, the blood runs wild and not through the system, depositing its germs, poison or otherwise, wherever it courses. There is the time when children turn to young women and manhood. The blood is finding new channels and new opportunities, and strange avenues, carrying with it good or ill, whatever it contains. When the blood is pure, clean and unvisited the young people's health is good, as evidenced in the clear eye, the elastic step and the beautiful skin. When the blood is bad, tainted and vicious, or lacking some essential quality, it is also shown in the lack-luster eye, the lifeless step, and the pimpled, blotched and unsightly skin.

This is grief to all concerned and humiliation, but more than to any one else the young man or woman who must endure it. There remains but one sensible, practical thing to be done, namely, to put the blood in proper

condition and the evil will be remedied, just as surely as the blood has caused the trouble.

There are a lot of blood purifiers that our grandmothers used to give; they are given now, too, only in a different and more palatable manner. The spring was the favorite season for "tealing" the children and were they sick or well all must participate in this rite; none were exempt on the fine old theory that an ounce of preventative was worth a pound of cure. Great bowls of tea were concocted of sassafras, sarsaparilla, spearmint, ginseng and many other things that were fierce and bitter to the taste. In fact pretty nearly all were bad, only differing in degrees of badness, but in the right line of procedure.

Now the STUART CALCIUM WAFERS take the place and do the splendid work of all of these and other equally valuable things which were not so well known years ago. But there is this difference, there is no dread of taking the Wafers and consequently we are not forced or made to take them. There is no "holding of the nose" like our grandmothers did. No, these tablets are easy and pleasant to take and carry about with you if necessary and as soon as taken they go promptly to work without dallying or delay and in a little while the beneficial effects are seen in the clear, beautiful skin and the general toning up of the system.

The chances are you will want to know more about this Calcium Wafer than this limited space can give, so go and ask your druggist his opinion of Calcium Sulphide as the Stuart process presents it to the blood. He will tell you all about it. Besides, send to us for a sample trial package free and this will give you a still better idea of them—how they look, take and taste. Your druggist will charge you 50 cents a box; they are this price everywhere. For a free sample address F. A. Stuart Co., 175 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Michigan.

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

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HON. ARAM J. POTTER, GOVERNOR OF RHODE ISLAND
THE FIRST CANADIAN-BORN GOVERNOR OF FREEDOM ASPIRANTS IN THE UNITED STATES
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The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XIX

TORONTO MARCH 1910

No 5



AMERICAN SETTLERS ARRIVING IN WINNIPEG

Men Without a Country

Being an Attempt to Describe the Wonderment
of Alfred Alfalfa and Associates, Late of Kansas

By Roden Kingmill

WHEN the Canadian land company's agent, following up his beautifully illustrated pamphlets, struck the village of Washington Centre, near Alfred Alfalfa's Kansas farm, Alfred announced that he was going to hitch up, drive in, and see what the man from Canada had to say for himself. Alfred knew that a few thousand Kansas farmers had sold out and gone to "Canada." He

had thought some of doing the same thing himself. Letters from the first adventurers into the Canadian West had been optimistic. The Kansans who had sold their farms, loaded the bulk of their implements and household goods on freight trains, and hit the steel trail northward, were all prosperous. They had nothing but jeers for the stay-at-homes who had told them that they would be frozen to

again. They had nothing but cheers for the new country.

Alfred saw the Canadian land agent. Moreover, he saw samples of Canadian wheat and Canadian roots, and he read copies of testimonials as to the value of the land. Alfred thought there might be something doing. So, in family council, thought Marietta, his wife, and the three six-foot sons. Within two months the farm was sold and the Alfalfas were dwellers in the Canadian West. They had gone into the promised land to stay, and when, at the end of three years, Alfred and the two boys, who had attained their majority, were advised to take the oath of allegiance and become Canadian citizens, there was little objection.

"Why," said Alfred, "I'm going to live and die in Canada. I want all the rights any other man in the country has. I want to vote and I have been here long enough to know the difference between parties, and I propose to exercise my rights and my judgment, too. Just now there don't seem to be any great issues up, and in some sections there ain't any great objections to Americans voting if they're property owners. That's kind o' by favor, I'm told. But I want to be the whole, genuine article. I don't want any favors. I want nothing but my rights."

So Alfred and Cy and Hank went before the district judge, swore that they had been dwellers in Canada for three years and solemnly promised to bear allegiance to Edward, of Great Britain and Ireland, and the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, King. It was not an oath repugnant to their ingrained Americanism, for there was not, as there is in the American naturalization obligation, any specification that they would divest themselves of "more especially" their former allegiance. An Englishman taking the American oath has to name particularly King Edward; a German, the Kaiser. But the Canadian oath attends strictly to the future, and lets the past look after itself. All of which

seems to be the more courteous and satisfactory method of performing the desirable. There are no wrenchings of old memories and inborn affections; there is no suspicion on the part of the newly-made Canadian that he is being made to pay something for his new citizenship.

Alfred and Alfred's sons went their way of prosperity. Like some tens of thousands of Americans who had taken the Canadian naturalization oath before—and some thousands have taken it since—they believed that they had become British subjects. They told American newcomers that they had changed their flag with their home and they advised the new arrivals to do the same thing. They felt just about as comfortable as British subjects, they said, as when they bore allegiance to Uncle Sam.

But, though they believed that they were British subjects, they were and are, nothing of the kind. Not one of the thousands of Americans who have taken the Canadian naturalization oath is a British subject. Nor, are the Germans, the Icelanders, the Galicians or any other alien newcomers to Canadian soil. They think they are as fully British subjects as the native-born Canadian, or Scotchman, or Irishman or Englishman. They are not. All that Canada has given them is the right to vote in Canada, to serve on juries, or in the volunteers, to sit in the Canadian Parliament or the Provincial Legislatures, and to enter those professions which no outlander can join.

Canada has not enfranchised these aliens under false pretences. Neither are the British Ministers of the Crown greatly to blame. When the question of Empire-wide naturalization first came up at the Colonial Conference, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain promised to do his best to secure a change in the Imperial regulations. But illness brought about the great Commonwealth's retirement. Alfred Lyttelton, his successor, evinced slight interest in the question. Then, four years ago, the Campbell-Bannerman

Oath of Allegiance

I, A. B., formerly of (former place of residence to be stated here), in (county of origin to be stated here), and known there by the name of (name and surname of alien in his country of origin to be stated here), and now residing at (place of residence in Canada and occupation to be stated here), do sincerely promise and swear (or, being a person allowed by law to affirm in judicial cases, do affirm) that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to His Majesty King Edward VII. (or reigning sovereign for the time being) as lawful Sovereign of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the Dominion of Canada, dependent on and belonging to said Kingdom, and that I will defend Him to the utmost of my power against all traitorous conspiracies or attempts whatsoever which shall be made against His Person, Crown and Dignity, and that I will do my utmost endeavor to disclose and make known to His Majesty, His heirs or successors, all treasons or traitorous conspiracies and attempts which I shall know to be against Him or any of them; and all this I do swear (or affirm) without any equivocation, mental evasion or secret reservation. So help me God.

Sworn before me at
this

day of
4-5 E. VII., c 25, s. 2.

A. B.

THE OATH TAKEN BY A NATURALIZED CANADIAN

Government came in, and at the Imperial Conference of 1908, the Canadian Prime Minister brought the question up again. Herbert Gladstone, the Home Secretary, promised to give the matter his attention. But a general election began to loom on the political horizon, and naval matters were disregarded.

Under the English naturalization law, an alien must reside in Great Britain for five years before he can take the oath. And he cannot take it unless he swears that he intends to live in Great Britain. Of course, he may travel as much as he likes, and everywhere he travels the British flag will protect him; the British Ambassador, if he gets into trouble in a foreign country, will see to it that he gets justice and a fair trial; the British Consuls are at his service in all

matters of trade and commerce. He is as much an Englishman as if he were a descendant of one of the Conqueror's reivers and had been born a royal duke. He is in all respects the genuine article. In fact, Great Britain rather makes a point of looking after her naturalized subjects. There was the famous Don Pacifico case in the middle of last century. Don Pacifico, although he carried a Spanish title, was really a Portuguese Jew, who had become naturalized. He was about as crooked as they make them, according to all accounts, but, when a Greek mob manhandled him during a Greek church festival, the father of the same Mr. Gladstone of whom we have been hearing, nearly brought about war between England and Greece just because the Don was a naturalized Britisher.

And the system has not been changed. In last year's British Government accounts there is a curious little item among the unclaimed moneys standing to the credit of private citizens. It reads thus:

"Unclaimed account of Manuel Costelli. Paid by Venezuelan Government, £500."

Costelli was a naturalized Spaniard who had lived in London for a good many years. Business took him to Caracas, where—Spaniards are not so awfully popular in Venezuela—he was beaten up in some sort of anti-Spanish row in a club. He died, and, so far as the British authorities could find out, he had no heirs. But the British Government demanded reparation, and they got it—twenty-five hundred dollars' worth. Now there is no claimant to the money.

So that is the way Great Britain looks after her naturalized citizens. But, they are not citizens naturalized by Canada or Australia or anybody but the officers of the British Secretary of State. And it works the other way. A German, for instance, who has taken out his papers in Canada, might be seized on his return to Berlin and forced to fill out his time in the German army. The British Ambassador, if he were appealed to, could do nothing. The man is not, says the British Government, a British subject.

Two years ago a naturalized Canadian—a former American—and his wife, were severely injured by being knocked down by a motor car near the Place de la Concorde, in Paris. Now, under French law, aliens who wish to sue French citizens must first communicate with their ambassador. This is to prevent blackmailers and other crooks getting up fake claims. This gentleman, after his recovery, went to the British Embassy with his French lawyer, saw the chief secretary, was received most courteously, got the necessary certificate and was leaving when he happened to mention that he was a former American who had taken the oath in Canada. Whereupon there was a hurry call for the

legal functionary attached to the Embassy, a whispered colloquy between the secretary and that eminent lawyer, and then,

"Very sorry, y'know," said the secretary, "but I'm afraid we can't do anything for you. Fact is, Downing Street doesn't recognize colonial naturalization."

"But where am I to go?" demanded the amazed American-Canadian.

"Fraid I can't tell you that. Why not try the American Embassy?"

"But I'm not an American now. I've taken the Canadian oath."

"Quite so. But not the British oath. I'm sorry, but you have really no standing here."

Which, of course, settled it. Our American-Canadian friend, who lives in Toronto, is a wealthy man. He was in no want of money, but he is a bonny fighter, and he did want to punish the owner of that motor car. He couldn't. He was, in so far as international law was concerned, a man without a country.

Which was just what Herbert Gladstone said at that Colonial Conference. Here are his words:

"Even if a man in the colonies is naturalized in that colony, he cannot qualify if he comes to the mother country until he has resided here for five years. So that his colonial connection is really a disqualification for five years during which he cannot become a British subject."

A man without a country.

So far as England is concerned, the liberality of her naturalization law is of comparatively modern growth. Until 1870 the practice with regard to subjects naturalized abroad was based upon the principles of the indelibility of natural allegiance and of liberty of emigration. Everyone was free to leave his country, but whatever form he went through elsewhere and whatever his intention to change his nationality, he still remained an Englishman in the eye of the law. Therefore, wherever English law could run he had the privileges and was liable to the obligations imposed by them;

if he returned to a British country he was not under the disabilities of an alien and he was not entitled to the protection of his adopted country. On the other hand, so long as he stayed within foreign jurisdiction he was bound by his own professions. At the beginning of the last century the assertion of the doctrine of the indelibility of allegiance was little else than nominal. It had become an anachronism and its consistent practical assertion was impossible. It was opposed to the fundamental and essential idea according to modern public law, that an individual can be a citizen of but

one country, and can have but a single nationality at a time. He ceases to be a citizen of the Mother Country the moment he is naturalized to another, and whether or not he has been naturalized is a question determined by local law, and from this decision there is no appeal. In 1863 a committee was appointed to report upon what alterations ought to be made in the naturalization laws, and in 1870 an act was passed by the Imperial Parliament, which provided that a subject becoming naturalized in a foreign state shall lose his British national character and which makes liberal pro-

Certificate of Naturalisation

Dominion of Canada,

Province of

In the (name of court) Court of

Whereas

(name of country)

formerly of

in the province of

(occupation)

has complied with the several requirements of the Naturalization Act, and has duly resided in Canada for the period of years.

And whereas the particulars of the certificate granted to the said under the fifteenth section of the said Act have been duly announced in court, and thereupon by order of the said court, the said certificate has been filed of record in the same pursuant to the said Act;

This is therefore to certify to all whom it may concern, that under and by virtue of the said Act, has become naturalized as a British subject, and is, within Canada, entitled to all political and other rights, powers and privileges, and subject to all obligations to which a natural-born British subject is entitled, or subject, within Canada, with this qualification that he shall not, when within the limits of the foreign state of which he was a subject (or citizen) previous to the date hereof, be deemed to be a British subject unless he has ceased to be a subject (or citizen) of that state, in pursuance of the laws thereof, or in pursuance of a treaty or convention to that effect.

Given under the seal of the said court this day of one thousand nine hundred and

A. B.

Judge, Clerk (or other officer of the Court)

A SATE HALIFAX CANADIAN CERTIFICATE
Not by the Secretary of State in the Year 1870. WITHIN CANADA



SIR THOMAS SLATTERY
(FORMERLY T. G. MEADWATER, OF MELBOURNE, U.S.A.)

A NATURALIZED CANADIAN CITIZEN, HONORED WITH KNIGHTHOOD BY QUEEN VICTORIA
AND YET WITH NO RIGHTS AS A BRITISH SUBJECT OUTSIDE THE EMPIRE

vision for the naturalization in the United Kingdom of aliens or foreigners. The doctrine of the right of expatriation was thus embodied in the statutory law of the land and the right of an individual "who does not owe any debt and is not guilty of any crime" to leave the place of his birth and to adopt another citizenship or national character was formally conceded as it had theretofore been conceded by most civilized states.

A citizen in the largest sense is a native or naturalized person who is entitled to full protection in the exer-

cise and enjoyment of the so-called private rights, and citizenship is the term now generally employed to describe the political relationship which exists between an individual and the sovereign state to which he owes allegiance. A native or natural born citizen has a distinct advantage over a naturalized citizen, in that the citizenship of the native must be recognized in all parts of the Empire, while the acquired citizenship of the alien or foreigners is distinctly local in character. In time and place the disabilities a naturalized citizen is under may

seem more sentimental than real, but at any time international complications may arise which will make it of the utmost importance to naturalized Canadians to be entitled to the fullest privileges of British citizenship. The tendency of legal development is to abolish all differences between aliens and citizens or subjects, yet there are a few special privileges to which subjects are entitled. No alien has any legal remedy in respect to any act of state. He will not be heard in an English court of law to complain of the acts of the English Government. Whatever grievance he has must take it with him to his own country, where, by way of diplomatic action, he may obtain redress. He has the protection of the law of England against all private persons who do him injury, but between him and the servants of the Crown the laws are silent. A British subject, on the other hand, whether in the realm or out of it, has the same defence against acts of state as against those of private persons. No alien can own a British ship or any share of one, nor can any alien take advantage of any statute which is expressly or by application limited to British subjects.

More and more frequently the Europeans who have come to Canada



J. CAVELL HOPKINS

MR. HOPKINS IS ONE OF THE MOST ACTIVE OF INVESTIGATORS, AND OF COURSE, ONE OF THE MOST INFORMED AS TO THE RIGHTS OF ALIEN RESIDENTS IN CANADA.

have been naturalized and have made good, will re-visit their native land. In all of these countries conscription is in force. In many of them decent civil law is unknown. The naturalized Canadian will be at the mercy of any official crook or blackmailer who can trump up a charge against him. He might as well be a Siamese or a Burman, as long as his international rights are concerned. He would a long way better be a Chinaman. Chin! looks after her traveling citizens pretty well.

The former American is in the worst hole of all if he goes abroad. He is used to utilizing the services of American Consuls as a right. If he is recorded the services of a British Consul it is as a courtesy. But he may once in a while profit by his nominal British enfranchisement, as Billy Reynolds' profits in Alaska. By the American law an alien cannot stake claims in that territory. Billy, an American born, had lived for a few years in the Canadian West. He took the Canadian oath, but, when the hard times followed, the partial crop failure in 1907, he pulled up stakes and started for Alaska. He knew something about placer mining, for he had washed out many a pan in Nevada and Colorado. Up in the northwest corner of the continent he struck the golden grains, struck them so rich that he hurried to Juneau and entered his claim. He saw before him a fortune that could march along beside the Guggenheims'. But there was trouble ahead. A certain shyster lawyer heard that Billy had come up from Canada. He lodged a caveat against the recording of the claim in the ground that Billy, being a British subject, was incompetent to exercise a miner's proprietary rights in an American territory.

But there were other lawyers, and to one of them Billy sped hot-foot. He told his story and this counselor, a former eastern Canadian, who had become an American citizen, put him through a cross-examination as to his antecedents. When it came to the

part where his Canadian naturalization came in, the lawyer threw up his hands.

"Why," he said, "you're as good an American as the judge himself. That Canadian naturalization doesn't amount to shucks. Keep your mouth shut and I'll show you."

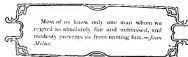
The judge saw the point—although he had never heard of it before—when the lawyer produced authorities borrowed from the Territorial Secretary's library. When Great Britain said that Billy was none of hers, of course Billy reverted to his former status as an American citizen. And he got his mine and made a fortune—cruiser yacht, country estate size.

But Alfred Alfalfa and the thousands of Alfred Alfalfas in Canada are not in the same happy position. They are not what they thought they were—which is quite another thing. A return furnished by the Ottawa Department of State shows that in the last six years 24,702 aliens have been naturalized in Canada. As the three years' residence is necessary, and as American immigration has grown five

times as fast, almost, as the foreign, there must be quite 40,000 Americans in Canada who will be naturalized within the next two years.

Sell Alfred Alfalfa is not alone in being proprietor of a second-class citizenship. He has belted knights with him. In his company are Sir William Van Horne and Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, no less! Wouldn't a mummy grin to hear that a man could be singled out by the King for the accolade and yet could be held by the King's Imperial Ministers to be an alien and no British subject?

Farther, there are in the Canadian House of Commons naturalized Americans. They are to be found in the Legislatures of the Prairie Provinces. They can make laws in a British Legislature, but the head office in London has not yet carried out the instructions of its former chief, Herbert Gladstone, and submitted an Empire-naturalization measure. The new House Secretary will have a clean slate. He should make a memorandum thereon—"Naturalization"—and underscore it with three thick strokes.



DROOKS HILL SILVER MINES

The Great Gold Rush to Australia

By

F. S. Hartnell

HISTORY contains few more romantic and exciting chapters than that which describes how Australia, a sparsely populated, remote and little-known colony, was suddenly precipitated into nationhood in the middle of last century by the discovery of gold. With almost electric speed it became noised abroad that nuggets of the precious metal of fabulous worth were being picked up or dug out of the earth with a spade or tomahawk.

Men did not wait for confirmation. They flocked to the Antipodes in tens of thousands from every quarter of the globe. The capital cities of Melbourne and Sydney were deserted. Merchants, doctors, lawyers—everybody who could possibly manage it—abandoned their ordinary avocations and set out for the gold-diggings in search of fortune.

By good chance the wildest rumors did not exaggerate the real value of

Australia's gold deposits. The discovery proved not only the turning point in the colony's history, but a powerful factor for the expansion of the trade of the old world, besides a means of relieving it of some of its surplus population. In 1841 there were only 220,068 people in the whole of Australia. When the great gold rushes began in 1851 the population was but 437,665, yet by 1861 it had risen to 1,168,149.

Up to the year 1851 the progress made by Australia had not, judged merely by the figures, been very striking. Just at the right moment her un-falling good fortune stepped in and supplied the needful golden magnet to draw the people to her shores.

As so often finds in reading the story of Australia's development Fortune had to proffer her hand several times before it was taken. Quite a number of indications and even actual discoveries of gold occurred before

the industry was set going in the proper way. Even the early European navigators would appear to have had some reason for suspecting the great Southern Continent to be a gold-bearing land. In the Dauphin Chart (1530-1536), which lies in the British Museum, "Terra Australis" is fixed to the south of Java and called "Jave la Grande," and its northwest coast is designated "Costa d'Ouro," or Gold Coast. This may, of course, have been mere fancy on the part of the voyagers of old who were prone to ascribe fabulous attributes to those things which stood outside the sphere of their actual knowledge.

It is definitely recorded that in 1823 a surveyor named McIlrath discovered gold in the Bathurst district of New South Wales. Again, in 1830, Count Strzelecki, the famous Polish explorer, found gold, but in response to a request to the Governor, Sir George Gipps, he "kept the matter secret for fear of the serious consequences which, considering the condition and population of the colony, were to be apprehended." It is recorded to the credit of quite a number of other persons that they "discovered" the precious metal, but the man who really set the mining industry going, which, in its various branches, has so far brought to Australia's purse over £600,000,000, was Edward Hammond Hargraves.

Hargraves was a squatter living near the town of Bathurst, and the drought of 1844-1848 had all but ruined him. About the last-named year the news of the rush to the California diggings reached Australia, so Hargraves determined to try his luck there. He met with no success, but noticed the similarity between the Californian auriferous region and the geological formation of the district round his home in New South Wales. Armed with this knowledge, he returned immediately and began prospecting. After a little search he was rewarded early in 1851 by finding golden specks in almost every panful of dirt he "washed."

Hastening to Sydney with the great news, he displayed to the astonished Government officials several ounces of pure gold in proof of the bona fides of his discovery. A surveyor was forthwith dispatched with Mr. Hargraves, and when he confirmed the news the excitement in the colony knew no bounds. The discoverer's reward does not appear to have been very handsome. Within a twelvemonth of his making the news known, gold to the value of £260,000 was won in New South Wales; yet Hargraves was only granted a sum of £15,000 by the Governments of New South Wales and Victoria.

By an exactly similar circumstance was gold discovered in Victoria. James Eamond, a mail-coach driver at Buninyong, went to California, where he noticed the same resemblances that had struck Hargraves. He, too, returned to Australia conjuring up visions which seemed more likely to be false than true. On landing in Sydney he heard of Hargraves' discovery on the other side of the Blue Mountains of New South Wales, but, not to be drawn from his purpose, he made straight for Buninyong in Victoria. In July, 1851, gold was discovered on a tributary of the river Loddon, and by the end of the year £600,000 worth of the metal had been won by the use of most primitive implements on the gold-fields of Clunes, Buninyong, Mount Alexander, Ballarat, and Bendigo. In 1852 Victoria's yield was no less than £10,953,036, and in 1856 it was £12,000,000. It is worthy of note that in 1850 the Hon. W. Campbell had found gold at Clunes, but concealed the fact for a time for fear the announcement might prove injurious to the squatter on whose run the discovery was made.

With the first news of the discoveries the wildest rush began to the diggings. The local population got there first, of course, but it was not long before fortune-seekers arrived in thousands from all countries. Adventurers of every description flocked to Sydney and Melbourne and made

their way up-country to the gold-fields. So wide was the distribution of the precious metal that there was room apparently for all. Political refugees from Russia, Poland and Austria, "younger sons," hordes of Asiatics, university graduates, fugitives from justice, clerks, mechanics, hardy campaigners from the diggings of the Western States of America—every conceivable class was represented in the motley crowd that thronged the bush-tracks and propped the canvas townships that rose like magic round the workable deposits of gold. It is on record that the late Marquis of Salisbury—Then Lord Robert Cecil, and a younger son—paid a visit to the Bendigo fields, but evidence is lacking to support the interesting stories that have been written representing the young nobleman as an active participant in the rush.

In the early days of the industry it seemed as if fate directed the steps of the miners to the richest and most easily-got deposits of gold. The discovery of a mass or nugget of the precious metal was naturally the occasion of great excitement, and was almost invariably followed by a rush. Some of these nuggets were of surprising size and value. The first ever found in Australia was obtained at Hargraves, in New South Wales, in 1851, and weighed about one pound. In the same year the Burrandong nugget found near Orange in the Central Western division of New South Wales weighed 2,217 ounces, and the "Brennan" was sold in Sydney for £1,156. At Temora in more recent years nuggets weighing from 50 to 1,333 ounces have been found.

Victoria has not been less prolific. In Canadian Gully a mass of gold weighing 1,640 ounces was discovered in 1853. Five years later the famous "Welcome Nugget" was got at Ballarat. It weighed 2,217 ounces. The "Welcome Stranger," unearthed at Mount Mchagill, near Denolly, in 1869, weighed 2,280 ounces. In support of the opinion of well-known experts that Australia's mining history



WELCOMER'S NUGGET

in the future will probably be more remarkable than that of the past, it may be stated that only two years ago a rich discovery of gold was made near Tarnagulla in Victoria. A miner who had prospected the district for years obtained seven ounces of gold from a shaft sixteen feet deep, and some big nuggets were unearthed within a few inches of the surface. The largest weighed 953 ounces, and two others 703 and 675 ounces, respectively.

Valuable as these alluvial nuggets are, however, they do not compare with the large masses of gold that have been found in situ in reefs. The largest piece of gold ever found in any part of the world was obtained in 1872 at Beyer and Holtzman's claim at Hill End in New South Wales. Its total weight, including the small amount of quartz in which it was encased, was 630 pounds. As the illus-

STATION on page 25 shows, it stood nearly as high as Mr. Holtermann, one of its owners, after whom it was named. Its exact dimensions were: Height, 4 ft. 9 in.; width, 2 ft. 2 in.; average thickness, 4 in. It was valued at £12,000, though the owners are stated to have refused to sell it for £13,000. A mass of gold known as "Kerr's Hundred-weight" was found at Hargraves in 1851, and yielded 106 pounds of the precious metal.

The most stirring events in the early history of the Australian gold diggings not unnaturally occurred in Victoria, where the richest deposits have been found. The gold-fever, as one writer points out, not merely disorganised society; it dissolved it. No "get-rich-quick" scheme ever turned the heads of so many sober-minded citizens; certainly none ever helped so many to fortune. The Governor and the principal officials of the colony were perforce above temptation, but it is written that the ordinary ranks of the civil service, and even the police, vanished almost to a man.

Between June and December, 1851, more than ten tons of gold was won in Victoria. And here it must be remarked that all figures relating to the early totals of gold yield are greatly under-stated. There was, of course, no official machinery then in existence to compel registration of yields, and a large number of successful diggers preferred, for various reasons, to keep the amount of their wealth secret.

Before the end of 1851, over 10,000 people had arrived in Port Phillip from overseas attracted by the gold; 94,000 arrived during the next year, and 350,000 between 1853 and 1855. The crews of the incoming vessels usually deserted immediately an opportunity occurred. Melbourne could not accommodate the new arrivals, so a large encampment, known as Canvas Town, was built on the south side of the River Yarra. With gold flowing like water—£12,600,000 was taken from the soil in the space of twelve months—famine prices ruled,

and the chief difficulty was to find men willing to perform the tasks of everyday life.

Those who could resist the prevailing fever found a fairly rich and more certain reward than that afforded by gold seeking. As much as £100 a ton was paid for the cartage of stores from the seaboard to the gold-fields. One may judge of the profits made by traders out of the miners by the fact that one publican who owned a number of horses on the diggings, paid no less than £45,000 in seven months, in 1853, for cartage of goods! There is more than one merchant prince alive to-day in Victoria and New South Wales who has reason to thank the wise choice which made him prefer a certain profit of two or three hundred per cent. on goods sold to the alternative of a quickly won fortune or possible beggary.

Many stories are told of desperate deeds performed in these times when life and property were so insecure that no man with anything to lose slept or went abroad unarmed. Gangs of desperados of all nationalities robbed coaches and gold escorts, and many a heroic defence is recorded by the mounted police who were engaged in the perilous task of guarding the precious dust on its way from the fields to the Melbourne banks. In 1852 a gang of men actually boarded a vessel called the *Nelson*, lying at anchor in Hobson's Bay (Melbourne) and got off with £24,000 worth of gold dust.

The most exciting event of the times, however, was not altogether a conflict between the lawful and the lawless. It was the famous Eureka Stockade Rebellion, in which the diggers fought a battle with the soldiers and the police in defence of what they held to be their rights. Victoria had just been promoted to the dignity of an independent colony, separate from New South Wales, and the new Legislative Council imposed a license fee of thirty shillings a month—afterwards raised to sixty shillings—on every person searching for gold. The license was not transferable, and was



THE MOST EXCITING EVENT OF THE TIME

THE FAMOUS EUREKA STOCKADE REBELLION

only available for use within half a mile of the police camp from which it was issued. Such a rule as this at such a time was bound to bring about trouble, and it appears that the regulations were often carried out with needless severity. It was no uncommon thing for the police to go out on a digger hunt and return with a "bag" of fifty or sixty delinquents chained together. Public opinion on the Ballarat diggings had become dangerously heated and was brought to flash-point by an incident arising out of the death of a miner and the burning of the public-house owned by a man supposed to have been implicated. Two detachments of infantry were sent from Melbourne on November 24th, 1854, and were at once attacked on arrival at Ballarat. Nothing serious happened, but to "vindicate" their honor the authorities ordered another digger hunt, and the soldiers were called out to support the police.

Arming themselves, the diggers, under the leadership of Mr. Peter Lalor, erected a stockade near Eureka Street, and on December 3rd a force of 275 soldiers and police, including a section of cavalry, began the attack. Several volleys were fired on both sides but after a gallant resistance of half an hour the insurgents were defeated and their stronghold captured at the point of the bayonet. A number of fatalities occurred during the firing. About thirty miners are believed to have been killed and four of the military, including Captain Wise of the 40th Regiment. Many others were wounded. Mr Lalor was left for dead in the stockade, but escaped, having lost an arm, and lived to attain to high office in the public life of the colony. He occupied for many years the position of Speaker of the Legislative Assembly. One hundred and twenty-five prisoners were taken and they were arraigned before the Supreme Court on a charge of high treason. But owing to the tactless course pursued by the authorities and the needless provocation they had heaped upon the men, public sym-

pathy was wholly in favor of the prisoners. No jury could be found that would be likely to convict, and in the end the miners were acquitted. Several leading barristers gratuitously undertook their defence.

A subsequent commission of inquiry expressed the opinion that the diggers had been goaded to insurrection by bad laws badly administered.

The discovery of gold in Victoria and New South Wales led to prospecting activity in all the other Australian colonies, and before many years had elapsed mines were being worked with greater or less success in Queensland, South Australia and Tasmania. Queensland has proved the most productive of these three states and, indeed, occupies third place in the Commonwealth to-day. Victoria being first, and Western Australia second.

The remarkable example of Western Australia seems to contain in it the strongest evidence for the belief that, great as has been the amount of mineral wealth already discovered in Australia, there remains still greater deposits to be won and enjoyed by future generations. Up to 1886 the amount of gold found in Western Australia was so insignificant that there is no record of it in the official publications. In 1892 and 1893 the great Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie fields were discovered, and by 1903 the State had risen to premier place in the Commonwealth, with a production for the year of £8,770,719.

The story of the rush to the Western Australian fields will be too fresh within memory to need recounting in detail. The principal influx of gold-seekers was from the Eastern States, so that the Commonwealth population was not increased very much by the discovery.

Two prospectors named Bayley and Ford discovered the Coolgardie field in 1892, obtaining over 500 ounces of gold in one afternoon by the aid of a tomahawk. Mr. I. G. Dunn, the discoverer of the Wealth of Nations

claim, obtained £200,000 in a few days. Up to July 31, 1908, the gold-mining companies of Western Australia had paid actual cash dividends totalling £18,415,306.

Nothing in the history of gold mining, however, can compare with the fabulous rewards reaped by the discoverers of the Broken Hill silver fields in New South Wales; or the terrible disappointment suffered by those who had the prize within their grasp and, becoming disheartened at early failures, threw it away.

The story is related of how fortune came to Mr. George McCulloch, who died in London in December, 1907, a reputed millionaire, and leaving a magnificent collection of paintings. About sixty years ago he arrived in Australia as a boy from Glasgow, with £5 in his pocket. In September, 1883, Mr. McCulloch was general manager of Mount Gipps sheep station in the vicinity of Broken Hill. Charles Rasp, a boundary rider, galloped up to the homestead one night in a state of great excitement with the news that he had discovered an enormous deposit of tin (it turned out to be manganese). The seven men employed on the station, including McCulloch, subscribed £70 each and applied for mineral leases of seven 40-acre blocks. These blocks now constitute Broken Hill proper. After assaying for tin without success they decided to prospect for silver. Several of the original holders were disappointed and withdrew.

According to an anecdote which is believed to be founded on fact, Mr. McCulloch, sitting one night in a tiny bush shanty shortly after the discovery of the mine, played a game of euchre with a companion. His stake was one-half of his interest in the mine itself—a fourteenth share—and he lost it. Six years afterwards that share was worth no less than £1,250,000!

Here is the account of the venture as given by the Government geologist of New South Wales in an official publication:

"The sinking of Rasp's shaft was proceeded with for some time, but the results were discouraging. The site for the shaft happened to be selected in one of the poorest portions of the lode. The shares were at a discount, and there were offers to sell at prices which, in the light of subsequent developments, appear ridiculous. One gentleman bought three fourteenth-shares for £330. He sold two of them. About a year later the remaining share was worth £30,000, and within six years its market value, with dividends and bonuses added, was about £1,250,000.

"But the cheapest sale of all was that of two of the original one-seventh shares, which were disposed of for less than £100 each and which were afterwards worth £2,500,000 each!"

The marvellous richness of the Broken Hill field is shown in the fact that with a total authorized capital among the eleven companies of £4,323,000, up to the end of 1906, the value of the output of silver was £46,798,600, and no less a sum than £11,957,935 was paid in dividends and bonuses.

Few countries in the world are endowed with such a diversity of mineral wealth as Australia, and the work of mineral exploration is, as yet, only in its infancy. The following table of the total recorded production throughout the Commonwealth up to the beginning of 1908 in the various minerals will give some idea of the wealth of the deposits already discovered:

Gold	£288,428,157
Silver and lead	55,086,080
Coal	50,676,367
Copper	49,319,015
Tin	25,709,789
Miscellaneous	10,257,395
Grand total	£688,476,803

The term "Miscellaneous" includes diamonds, opal, oil, shale (£2,200,000), antimony, zinc, wolfram, salt, chrome and so on.

The White Paw Hold-Up

By Arthur Stringer

From the Popular Magazine

IT WAS midafternoon when the breakdown came. It resulted in a sudden call and clamor of voices, a signal to the engineer, a slackening down of the soap-polished belt, and a gradual subsidence of the golden pencils of grain straw cascading from the huge wind-stacker's spout.

"That's what comes, I s'pose, o' gearin' you sloth-lovin' hoboes too high," said "Sunset" Stevens, blinking through the strong light at the disabled machinery.

"Ow too 'igh?" protested a sleepy-eyed little Englishman in a pair of frayed-out armg puttees, that left him as ragged-legged as a Shanghai. He was averse to new ways; for, years before, at home, he had threshed grain on a barn floor, with flails.

"I mean, son," languidly answered the lean man with the prairie squint, "that you've got to work willin' in the West, and work quick, or you ain't workin' at all."

"To 'ell with workin' quick," remarked the placid and sleep-eyed wanderer in the old army puttees.

"That's what them Brisco boys was always a-preachin'," murmured Sunset indifferently, staring up into the robin's-egg dome of the sky.

"What Brisco boys?" asked the man from the East. And, in the shadow of the huge wind-stacker, Sunset Stevens was prevailed upon to explain how Jack and Andy Brisco came into prominence as exponents of the frontier labor problem and his possibilities.

"These two Brisco here," said Sunset, rolling back on his bed of yellow

wheat straw, "were two broken-up sheeps-men from down New Mexico way." They'd ambled up across the land, lookin' for cheap land and a locality where deputy-sheriffs weren't recognized. They went moseyin' round till they got hold of three hundred acres o' soil at Little Dip, right alongside the railway tracks. Still havin' money to burn, they negotiated a plowin' and seedin' gang, and had 'em turn over their whole farm and put her in Number One Manitoba Harb. They likewise invested in a full line o' harvestin' machinery, and a newfangled portable shack o' corrugated iron, and a half dozen good teams o' horses. Then things kind o' came to a stop. Their energy just kind o' petered out. They sat around that stink porch smokin' Mexican cigarettes, and figgerin' out just how much money they were a-goin' to make out of that wheat crop.

"'Way, this here Canada wheat farmin's got sheep herdin' stung to death," says Andy, sittin' back in a armchair and watchin' the Western express go down the line.

"This here Northwest is sure the land for me," agreed Jack, putting his feet up, same as Andy.

"Always cool and nice here," says Andy, "and something to see now and then along the track, to keep you from gittin' over-lonesome."

"'And a blowed sight easier than alkali pacin'," murmurs Jack, twiddlin' his thumbs and lookin' out over that growin' wheat. "All you've got to do is give Mother Nature a tickle under

the ribs, throw in your seed, and tell her to get busy!"

"I didn't take the Little Dip natives a week of Sundays to get onto the fact that these here Brisco boys were about as all-fired indolent and dog-lazy a team of gringos as ever migrated northward into the Dominion. They'd turn out about ten or eleven in the mornin', and then ride round horseback, rollin' cigarettes and gloatin' over that growin' wheat. By the time she'd begun to head up good and full, they had it all fugged out that she'd sure yield a good forty bushel to the acre. By the time she'd begun to 'color,' they had it calculated out that they couldn't help bein' at least nine thousand dollars to the good. And finally they wakes up and decides it's about time to git a couple o' dozen men into that grain, with self-binders.

"'And about that time they saw that they'd butted up against the damndest snag that had ever impeded their advancement' ship of progress, so to speak. They kind o' changed their tune, and started cussin' the all-fired, good-for-nothin' country. Where were they a-goin' to git those men? Round harvest time, same then as now, spare hands were about as scarce as hen's teeth. And there was twelve thousand bushels o' wheat gittin' good and ready to shell, and nobody to go a-gatherin' in the sheaves, as the old hymn tune has it.

"Now, this here team of New Mexicans I speak of were certainly some indolent. But I ain't denyin' they weren't likewise unsdly schemin' and ingenious. Just what chewin' and plannin' and secret powwowin' they had together, it ain't for me to say, not bein' an eye-witness. But as sunset next day Andy, the oldest of the two, strikes out, on a cayuse, thirty-five miles west, for Portage station. He takes along with him a carbine and a couple o' sizes of about ten pounds weight apiece; and when spoken to at the Dip he allows he's layin' off for a couple o' days o' pigeon shootin'.

"That is what Andy called it. But

when he gets to Portage he ain't worryin' about wood pigeons. He just ambles into that little way station, and apprehends the telegraph operator. He gits the drop on him as he's sittin' there receivin' and sendin' out wire messages. This happens about four o'clock in the mornin'. And he lays out to his operator that section three of the Alberta Harvesters' Excursion from the Maritime Provinces would maybe be passin' Little Dip in about forty minutes, and he wants that train held at Little Dip.

"'I'll lose my job for this,' says the operator, blaskin' at the barrel.

"'Well, I allow that's some better'n losin' your head!'

"'But it's plumb again' all precedent—holdin' up a train like that!' says the operator.

"'Not where I come from,' says Andy.

"'But I ain't got no excuse for it,' says the operator.

"'Yes, you have,' says Andy. 'You can say there's obstruction ahead—which same might maybe be this gun o' mine!' And the operator goes to the key with that gun a-followin' him, and cuts in and calls Little Dip, and tells him to hold section number three westbound on the sidetrack there, as there's obstruction ahead. And he decides to tack out a second message something like this: 'For Heaven's sake, send help down here on a band car. There's a crazy hobo in here with a gun, holdin' me up.' But he took a second look round at that unseniac barrel, and didn't feel like riskin' it.

"But, when Andy's backin' out o' that station house, to slip down the track a few rods and cut the wires before they get busy again, that operator says to him, kind o' curious: 'I know you won't mind my askin', stranger; but why in hell're you holdin' 'em up that string of eleven coaches o' down-East farm laborers who would not bring you in thirty dollars to the car?'

"Andy looks at that operator, kind o' sad and pityin'.

"Why, young man," says he, "I ain't no road agent. I ain't no hold-up man, tryin' to raze down a train-load o' honest laborers. I'm just a plain, everyday, ordinary, peace-lovin' farmer from the other side of the line, who's got a brother down at Little Dip so plump lonesome for company he's gone and killed a steer and teamed in a couple o' kegs o' fire-water."

"But d'you realize that the company'll bound you off the face o' the map for a-doin' a thing like this with one o' their trains?" says the agent.

"Then they'll have to bound," says Andy, takin' his leave. "But I ain't goin' to set back and see the only brother I got go diggy, just for the sake o' congenial company!"

"By the time Andy'd shinned up a telegraph pole and cut the wires and then circled off south o' the track and struck the trail for Little Dip, section three o' the Alberta Harvesters' Excursion was hauled up at the sidin' in front o' the White Paw ranch. And Jack Brisco was pacin' languid and offhand, up and down inside the wire fence, waitin'.

"D'you ever see one o' them Mo-hawk harvester specials held up on the prairie? Ever see 'em stone hand cars and smash eatin'-house windows out o' pure, all-fired, ingrownin' energy? Well, them eleven coaches were disgorgin' haulted! human bein's, some prompt, like a split punk log disgorgin' black ants! They went swarmin' out over the tracks, and whoopin' and kickin' up their legs, and grabbin' through the fence wires at wheat heads, like Apaches grabbin' for scalps.

"Steady there, boys," says Jack. "You'll have to keep off this grain land!"

"Whoopee!" yells a Bluenose Comanche, climb'n a fence post and surveyin' the farm.

"Better come round by the trail," says Jack. "If you all have got to exercise. Or, if you all are set on wan-

derm', come up to the shack and lap up a half-barrel o' moonshine."

"There ain't time," says the Bluenoses.

"Oh, yes there is," says Jack. "You're tied up here for five hours. Bridge at Wilson's Slough's burnt out."

"Whoopee!" says that gang o' liberated and stagnant pilgrims, swarmin' and kickin' and jumpin' over into the White Paw ranch.

"Now, when you got four or five hundred able-bodied farm-hands who have been tied up in a colonist car for five long and slothful days, you're gittin' four or five hundred regular dynamos o' human energy. I don't see no use enlargin' on what happened when them cavortin', gyratin', tie-jumpin' fork-handlers from down East got up against them three hundred acres o' open wheat land just achin' to be reaped.

"They swept that wheat farm up as clean as a whistle, put ber through a high-bagger, and set fire to the straw stack, free and easy, just to see it burn. And they were still devourin' barbecued steer when that train crew got orders to go on. And they all shook hands with the Brisco boys, kind o' regretful, and voted them six hours o' break in their trip a regular, all-fired hell of a picnic.

"And the darndest, queerest, most puzzlin' thing about that whole side-truckin' business was the fact that there had been an obstruction ahead, right along. The old wooden bridge over Wilson's Slough had burned away and left the rails dancin' out into empty space. But just whether or not that same bridge fire was an afterthought on the part o' Andy Brisco, or just whether it was the all-round workin' out o' Providence, it ain't for me to say, nor bein' an eyewitness to the same.

"Knowin' them Brisco boys as I did later on, howsomever, I allow it's some reasonable to believe Providence ain't altogether in the incendiary business, just to save the hide of a no-account hold-up man!"



THE MAKING OF A SKILLED MECHANIC

By F. C. D. WILKES, B. Sc.

COMPETITION, the life of trade, grows keener every day, and to meet the resultant conditions manufacturing processes are becoming more highly organized. This has brought about a greater sub-division of labor and has necessitated a working force with a higher plane of intelligence than was needed in the days of simpler machines and simpler processes. A careful analysis of the conditions in most manufacturing plants at the present time will reveal an unnecessarily large amount of waste because of the abuse of machinery and tools, a low standard of work and spoiled work. That most, if not all, of this waste could be eliminated by raising the standard of the workman's intelligence is the logical conclusion of those who have investigated these conditions.

This conclusion brings us to the question of "skilled labor," and many are the complaints that have been heard, from the heads of manufacturing industries, of the difficulty of obtaining this form of labor. Some concerns have tried to meet this condition of affairs by recruiting skilled labor in their own plants, and at the present time a great deal of attention is being paid on the American continent to industrial education. Some railroads and industrial firms have embarked upon elaborate schemes for the training of apprentices, and have gone as far as establishing separate and independent schools for training telegraph-

ers, machinists, engineers, brakemen, etc.

Unfortunately, the majority of educational schemes at present in operation in industrial plants and railroads lack continuity, for they leave off where they practically should commence, and the apprentice or employee is turned out after a partial training and left to his own resources. The training offered by most companies to their employees is generally so unprofitably mismanaged by incompetent and untrained men that it is not surprising to find that managements view with suspicion any scheme put forward for raising the intelligence of their employees. It may be that this unprofitableness in many cases has been due to the fact that the recruiting or training of apprentices has been allotted to some officer of the company who already has all he can attend to. "he result is a slipshod system, efficient only on paper. Another difficulty has been that in teaching the apprentice there has been but little attention paid to the difference between practice and theory, resulting in "half-wisdom" and, as every one knows, "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

Again, the most deplorable inefficiency of many officials and their ignorance of the economies of modern labor, probably accounts largely for the restless conditions existing today among employees. No heed is given to the morrow, officials giving

little or no thought towards making the task easier for those who have to follow them or for those who have to co-operate with them. This arises, in many cases, through incapability, for the official attains a certain standard and it is frequently found that it is impossible for him to assimilate the work of his co-officials. His deficiency prevents his further advancement and he therefore not only unconsciously hinders the work of those under him, but also the work of his fellow officials. Thus it is that an official, minus early definite and concise training, becomes competent only at a large expense to the company employing him.

The ideal system of training is that one which allows an employee when he joins a railroad or any other industrial corporation (provided he has the mental and physical qualifications) to be put through a systematic and continuous training which will enable him to qualify for minor positions. Then by further instruction he can consistently advance to the highest positions in the organization. The aim of any industrial system should be to create desire in the ambitious employee and enable him to rapidly and efficiently assume positions of trust and responsibility. The training of an employee should be continuous and not discontinued at the end of his apprenticeship as is often the case, the employee after desultory training being left to himself.

It is, perhaps, only natural that the companies in the van of this move-

ment for the production and conservation of skilled labor in Canada should be our two largest railroad companies—the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific Railways.

The latter has now under way a most complete system of apprentice training which is being developed under the direction of Mr. H. Martin Gower.

Mr. Martin Gower is exceptionally well qualified to handle the apprenticeship problem in all its different phases,

as he has made the technical and industrial training of employees his life study. He went through the mill as a railroad apprentice in the days when work commenced at six in the morning and ceased at six in the evening, so he is well able to appreciate the difficulties which boys have to contend with in the workshop. After his apprenticeship, Mr. Gower spent some time in the offices of an English ship-building firm. He afterwards worked in various railroad shops until he was appointed assistant mechanical engineer in a South Wales colliery. He wound up his practical experience by going to sea and qualifying for his Board of Trade certificate as a marine engineer in the British Mercantile Marine.

Subsequent to this practical work Mr. Gower received his degree at the Cambridge University and obtained a wide insight into industrial training as principal and director of technical and secondary schools in the Old Country.

Mr. Gower is deeply interested in athletics and is a firm believer in the bene-



STAFF OF C.P.R. INSTRUCTORS AT THE ANGUS SCHOOL MONTREAL

fit they confer on a young man, morally, mentally and physically. He contends that games teach boys to be independent and to think for themselves, kindle esprit de corps and also give them good experience in organization and management.

Mr. Gower is assisted by a staff of instructors selected from men and foremen of high moral character. These men possess the knack of imparting their knowledge and skill and the faculty of instilling into the boys an interest in their work. They devote their whole time to the system and the keystone of their efforts may be found in Mr. Gower's own words when he says:

"A great deal of stress is being laid on the educational side, but to my mind the most important factor is the moral training which it is essential our boys should receive, for as we now train our boys, so will our men be in the future. Therefore, every care should be taken to train them to become honest, straightforward, well disciplined and self-respecting men who will be conversant with shop organization and realize that foremen are appointed by employers, not for the purpose of standing over them to see that they do their work, but to assist and give out the work required by their employers."

"Underlying all the best systems that

were ever devised is the first essential that the apprentice should be taught to think in measurable quantities—on other words, to think definitely. The principles of the trade in view should be carefully instilled into the boy's mind, after which the details will not be hard to master. However, to do this properly, the system should "make haste slowly" and should be designed to meet the requirements of the backward rather than the bright, capable lad, the latter will make his advance all right and by himself. Slowness in preparation is essential to the competent workman."

Until the inauguration of comprehensive apprentice systems, such as are in vogue on these two roads, the average boy, who from force of circumstances had to leave school in the early stages of his education and take up his life work, had little to look forward to in the matter of education, except by years of unassisted toil, unrewarded, save by a smattering of a few primary subjects imperfectly learned. It is true that the night schools which have been organized throughout the country have met some of the requirements. One of the disadvantages of the night school is that the classes are held after the attending boys have had a day of hard work and for that reason are apt to become a drudgery and he given up altogether by the boy after



MR. H. MARTIN GOWER
SUPERVISOR OF APPRENTICES, CANADIAN
PACIFIC RAILWAYS



C. P. R. APPRENTICE INSTRUCTION CLASS IN SEASIDE

a trial. Then, too, the subjects treated may or may not bear directly on the daily work of the student. The fact that their teaching is applicable to the daily work of the boys is a strong feature of the classes run in connection with the proper apprentice system.

It is, generally speaking, upon the broad lines mentioned above, that these apprentice systems are based. Besides the teaching, the companies feel that it is also important how the boys spend their time outside of working hours and with that end in view are always willing to assist in providing healthful recreation and opportunities for mental and physical advancement.

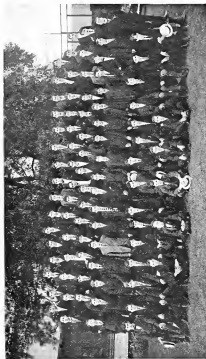
This is not the effect of a philanthropic viewpoint. Not a bit of it. The managements frankly admit that this considerate treatment and the large amounts of money spent on the apprentice system is in anticipation of large dividends on the investment. They recognize the policy of giving every chance to their employees to learn the business and to qualify for advancement to higher positions. Each year a larger sum of money is spent on special work for their men and the officials of the roads are perfectly satisfied that this increasing expenditure is being abundantly justified from

both the humanitarian and business standpoints.

In the systems under discussion classes are held regularly in classrooms maintained by the companies. The C.P.R. hold their classes during the working hours of the boys, and allow them the time consumed. The G. T. R. schedule differs from this in that the classes are held after working hours in the boys' time.

In both systems, however, every facility is placed in the way of the ambitions and intelligent employee to receive instruction from qualified and experienced officials in shop and railroad practice. The trend of this preliminary training has the tendency to create a desire to advance in the aspiring lad. The training is progressive—starting first with educational instruction for the young employees, then advancing to shop and educational instruction for the apprentices and finally the journeyman receives educational facilities which enable him to qualify for minor positions on the staff.

It requires more than a mere application to become an apprentice with either of these roads. First of all, the boys must pass an examination as to their physical condition as pertains to eyesight, hearing and general health. In both roads the ages of applicants are limited between 15 and 18. In the C.P.R. system the boys are on pro-



GROUP OF GRAND TRUNK APPRENTICES



LARGEST GROUP OF RAILWAY APPRENTICES ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT
APPRENTICES AT THE C.P.R. LEARNERS GROUP, MONTREAL

bation during the first year, at the end of which they are required to pass a general examination in: Reading and dictation, elementary arithmetic, free-hand drawing of mechanical objects, Canadian history and geography. Besides this preliminary education they must show some aptitude for the work on which they are employed and their conduct, punctuality and attendance must be satisfactory, otherwise their services as apprentices will be dispensed with.

In the G.T.R. service this examination is required upon entering, and the successful applicant is given a text book for his instruction and guidance. The object of the text book is to have the boy theoretically conversant with the work that is going to be done by him after his next promotion. For instance, a boy going from the blacksmith shop to the machine shop has to pass his examination before he is accepted in the machine shop. This examination is "For promotion of apprentices from other shops to the machine shop." He is also examined

before being moved to another machine. As he is usually put on a drill to commence with, he learns a lot about it from his text book, and about the tools he is to use in connection with it. While he is working on one machine he is studying as much as possible about the machine he is to go on next. The advantage claimed for this system is that it tends to induce the apprentice to think and leads him to reading literature bearing on his work.

Where, a few years ago, the trades were confined to a comparatively small number, the conditions of competition holding to-day have necessitated the breaking up of these trades into sub-divisions. The sub-divisions, which number thirty and more, are now so thoroughly developed that it would be impossible to follow more than one and make a success of each one followed, so that under the new development a man becomes more of an expert than he could possibly have been when his trade really embraced as many as four or five distinct voca-

biles. As an example of the scope of the various courses it will probably be interesting to many to know that the C.P.R. apprentice system embraces a course on silversmithing, and now all their silverware, such as is used on the dining cars, is made by C.P.R. employees.

In the shops the order of passing from one class to another is not necessarily the same for each apprentice. The variations are arranged to suit the progress made by the boy and, therefore, depends a good deal on himself. The C.P.R. group the boys under the supervision of the different shop inspectors, who make monthly reports of the work done by each apprentice under his charge. These instructors are expert machinists or carpenters, or whatever class of work in which they instruct, and their duties consist solely in looking after the boys under their charge, showing them how to set up their work. These men do not allot the work (the foreman does that), they merely stay with an apprentice until the lad understands

the work thoroughly. Under the old system the foreman was supposed to instruct the apprentice. Sometimes he did and sometimes he didn't. It invariably happened that he would be interrupted several times, and the boy would get a jerky, disjointed explanation hard to understand and difficult to apply. Often the foreman would be called away in the middle of a demonstration, expecting, of course, to return and get the boy started. The chances were that the boy would be forgotten and left to shift for himself. Under the old way a boy might produce 50 per cent. of a mechanic's output after three or four week's work on the same machine, but under the new system, an apprentice can be put on an absent workman's work and, with the assistance of the instructor, the output suffers but little. Usually an apprentice under the new system turns out three-quarters to seven-eighths of a mechanic's output inside of three or four days. This is the work of the instructor productive of immediate returns.

THE MAKING OF A SKILLED MECHANIC



C.P.R. MODELS FOR FREEHAND SKETCHING

It must not be supposed that this instruction is similar in any way to a kindergarten, where pupils are at liberty to fall back on the instructor for trivialities, and thus fall prey to the impression that he is always there to help them out. The instructors are continually striving to instill into the lads a spirit of independence, teaching him to think and act for himself, and to work out his own difficulties.

In connection with the shopwork, considerable care is taken to see that the boy thoroughly understands the mechanism of the machine on which he is working. Of course, he doesn't take long to learn that a lathe, for instance, derives its power by means of a belt from a countershaft, and

turns the work because the work happens to be fastened to the chuck. But the system goes further and demands that the boys learn just how this power is transmitted and the internal arrangements of the machine they work on.

Blue print diagrams of the machines are furnished, which show the different methods of applying the laws of leverage and other mechanics. A boy is sometimes asked the shape of some internal part of a machine, and if he cannot give a rough sketch of it, he is told to get a wrench, open up the machine and find out for himself, make a sketch and put it away. In this connection note books are encouraged.

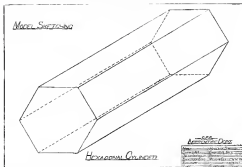


C.P.R. ENGINE AND MACHINE PATTERNS USED IN APPRENTICE INSTRUCTION CLASSES

The class work is devised so that the class room has the closest possible connection with the shops, so much so that the drawings and lesson sheets are literally covered with dirt and grease from the shops. Freehand drawing is taught from actual objects, a few of which are shown in the accompanying photograph. Each apprentice is kept at one particular object until his drawing receives the O.K. mark of the instructor. The accompanying photograph shows a drawing done absolutely freehand, and is

merely a guide to show the correct way of dimensioning the drawing. In this way the apprentice is taught just what dimensions are essential and so there is no danger of the drawing being difficult to read on account of a mass of useless dimensions. The importance of this will be recognized by many a chief draftsman and engineer.

In connection with this work it is obvious that the instructor should be at once kindly, patient and withal firm. Discipline is not hard to maintain as the boys are paid for the time



SAMPLE OF FREEHAND DRAWING C.P.R.

one that many draftsmen could not improve on even with the aid of drawing instruments.

When drawing of actual machine parts are to be made, the apprentice is given the part he is to draw and a blue print sketch with the dimension lines on it, but no dimensions. He then makes a freehand sketch of the object and takes his own dimensions of it, after which he makes his mechanical drawing, putting in the dimensions as shown on the blue print sketch. The object of the blue print

spent in the class room, but usually they are so interested in their work that little or no trouble is experienced along this line.

Considerable attention is paid to teaching the boys the use of the various scales. This takes the form of what might be termed "Practical shop mental arithmetic." They are led from the simple problem of "what is the half of one-quarter," etc., up to where they are asked to multiply and divide larger and more complex fractions. As the progress is very slow and all



C.P.R. APPRENTICE SCHOLARSHIP CLASS

the fractions are the multiples of two, as used in the shops (1-16, $\frac{1}{8}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, etc.), the result is thorough. The boys are encouraged in asking one another questions, and of course, each is anxious to puzzle the other.

This practice is excellent training for the boy's brain and makes him exceedingly alert. I would ask the reader of this article to tell me what the half of 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ is. I wager the answer would take considerable time in coming and it wouldn't be surprising to see a pencil and pad used in some cases. Ask any of these chaps the same question and the answer comes like a shot, before you or I have started to dissect the question.

The problem courses in the class room are based strictly upon the work with which the apprentice comes in daily contact in the shop. All useless and puzzling higher flights of mathematics are eliminated. The work in the shop is referred to even in the simplest problems of addition and subtraction. New principles are evolved gradually and here, too, the progress is slow and very thorough. The simpler principles of elementary mechanics, algebra, geometry, physics, etc., are taken up as the problems gradually become more difficult.

No text books are used by the

C.P.R. in either the drawings or the problem courses, but as stated above the problems are arranged on sheets, and in being allotted a problem it does not always follow that each boy in the class is working on the same problem. As soon as he is finished with one he is given another.

In the apprenticeship classes, in order to stimulate enthusiasm and interest, the C.P.R. donates each year to scholarships. These consist in complete courses in mechanical, boiler, car or electrical engineering following those of the International Correspondence Schools but taught by the company's own instructors. The two main scholarships are those which are given each year to some of employees and which give the fortunate winners a full four-year course at McGill University, Montreal. The holders of these are employed in the company's shops during vacation, receiving remuneration for their services.

The G.T.R. also offer a large number of annual prizes open to competition to all classes on the system and include free scholarships in engineering at McGill University, as well as cash prizes. These competitions are held at different centres, being open to those apprentices only who have kept their shop and class work above

a certain standard. The G.T.R. bear all expenses of transportation and entertainment of apprentices to and from the examination centres, allowing them their time while attending.

These examinations are conducted by the chief draftsman, Mr. James Powell, from Montreal, who has charge of the apprentice system. Prizes are awarded to the apprentices obtaining the highest average in their respective years. These prizes amount to \$40 for each shop, and are distributed over the different years of apprenticeship, thus: the average for his first year in mechanical drawing gets \$4, and the one obtaining the highest in practical mechanics gets \$4 also. Therefore, it is quite possible for one apprentice to obtain both prizes. A keen interest is taken in this examination, which takes the form of a contest between the various shops.

In addition to the prizes as stated above, the G.T.R. offer a capital prize of \$25 for each subject. This is competed for by the apprentices obtaining the highest averages in drawing and practical mechanics at their respective stations. It is therefore possible for an apprentice to win as much as \$58 if he has been successful in all subjects.

The shops in the province of Quebec, particularly those in Montreal, derive a large proportion of the men and boys from the French population and for this reason difficulties sometimes arise due to the inability of the French boys to speak English. To cope with this difficulty the C.P.R. decided, in the spring of last year, to

install an instructor capable of teaching English to the French apprentices. Each French boy who is unable to speak English is given, during working hours, two hours of instruction per week in reading, writing and conversational English. These boys are taken into the shops on an equal footing with the English apprentices but at the end of 12 months must pass a simple examination in the English language.

From the time an apprentice enters the service of the company until he finishes his apprenticeship a record of his career is carefully kept on file, in the office of the Supervisor of Apprentices in the case of the C.P.R., and by the Master Mechanic in the case of the G.T.R.

The mark on workmanship is based on ability shown by the boy and the quantity and quality of work done in the shop. The same applies to the drawing classes, but here is taken into account the attitude of the apprentice toward his studies.

The personality or deportment mark is based on the attitude the apprentice takes toward his work, his willingness to serve and be instructed, his general character, and his ambition, i.e., whether or not he is doing his best.

With the C.P.R. the boys and their parents are allowed to see their marks at stated intervals by applying to the Shop Superintendent, and are given a report at the end of each year.

One economy that has so far resulted from this system is that there is less spoiled work, and the boys can

JAMES POWELL,
CHIEF DRAFTSMAN GRAND TRUNK RY.

use their knowledge of drawing to a great advantage. This is shown in their greatly increased ability to read the shop blue-prints. Many dollars are saved for the company through this ability, both in speed and elimination of spoiled work on account of misinterpretation of a blue-print.

The effect upon the apprentices is an enthusiastic endeavor to do better, which, of course, increases his skill and incidentally his output, increasing his value to the company.

It might be assumed that the rank and file of the men would be inclined to resent this innovation which so increases the efficiency of the apprentice. The opposite is the case, however, and they look with favor on the plan which will enable their sons to become skilled mechanics.

Here it may be mentioned that those in charge put a great deal of emphasis upon the fact that they are endeavoring to turn out skilled mechanics, rather than superintendents, draftsmen, etc. The fallacy of many another elaborate system is the fact that they instill into the boys' minds the idea that they are on the way to the "super's" desk or that they will soon

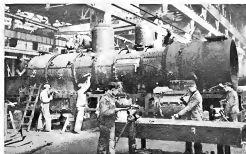
take charge of the road. Wherever this idea shows a tendency to appear it is promptly corrected by the instructors or others in charge.

The liability of prejudice among the older men is overcome by the organization of the evening classes spoken of later. Besides the instruction received these classes result in closer intimacy between men and officers and the shop organization.

These systems are attracting a better class of boys, and as a result the standard of the shops is being automatically raised. Parents are beginning to waken up to the fact that it is possible for their sons to receive a technical training while they are making a livelihood.

The appreciation of individual promotions forms one of the strongest features of these apprentice movements and serves to keep alive the keenest interest in the classes, as the boys realize that as soon as they arrive at a certain standard of excellence, increased pay is their reward.

Another feature of no little importance is the fact that all expenses of this educational movement including all the equipment are borne by the two



G.T.R. APPRENTICES AT WORK

companies and, in the case of the C.P.R., each lad is furnished with a complete set of drawing instruments which become his own property. The courses, then, do not cost the boys a single cent nor are they docked for time spent in classes.

When the boys have served their time, the C.P.R. still makes it interesting to them to continue their educational work and evening classes are held from October to April inclusive. These classes are for those that have served their time and any other employees who want to attend.

Those attending these classes are encouraged to ask questions and promote discussion on the subject of the evening, and that they are popular is shown by the attendance last winter when there were 260 enrolled. Examinations are held at the end of the session and prizes awarded.

With the C.P.R. the upkeep of these classes is divided between the company and the Educational Department of the Province of Quebec. The latter allots an appropriation every year, covering the salaries of the instruc-

tors. The G.T.R. are independent of the province.

As these evening classes of the C.P.R. take place immediately after work, the company supplies a good substantial meal to those men who take the classes. This meal is free and there is no charge made for the building, light or heat. The company also furnish absolutely everything connected with the classes, such as pencils, drawing instruments, paper and other materials. The C.P.R. holds that the man who has a large family perhaps, or other cares that give him no excess money for outside things should have the same chance for advancement as the more fortunate man who has less calls on his pay envelope. This education then does not cost the men one single cent.

The author had an interesting interview with Mr. Gower, who holds very decided views upon industrial education. He stated that, "Generally speaking, both in America and England, showy and unsuitable buildings are erected, a lot of impractical and underpaid teachers employed, princ-



G.T.R. APPRENTICES AT WORK

gals, or as they are sometimes called, directors of technical education, appointed, who have no practical knowledge of commercial and industrial life, the students are selected from the well-to-do families, and the education given fits them neither for the work in the shop nor in the office. Elaborate annual reports are spread broadcast giving the people the impression that these technical colleges or technological institutions are indispensable. "It is essential that educational work should not be left in the hands of one class of people. The captains of business, commerce and industry should co-operate with the civic or provincial educational authorities. The shop and the school should work side by side. When the self-centred pedagogue steps outside the cloister in which he

is yet immersed, he will become a contributing instead of a wholly supported social institution."

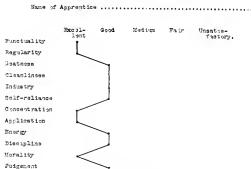
Mr. Gower believes that the growth, the development and the life of the Dominion depend upon the steps taken during this decade towards establishing industrial education upon a basis which will appeal not only to the employer of labor, but also to the parent, whether he be a workman or a Colbalt millionaire.

The Dominion of Canada is certainly indebted to these two great railways, for the interest they are taking in the welfare of the young people in their workshops. They are creating a fine type of workman who will be able to hold his own against the world.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

APPRENTICE SCHOLARSHIP, JULY, 1909.

CHARACTER EVALUATION.



C.P.R. CHARACTER CHART

"The Ghost"

By

Mrs. Henry Dudeney

"If anything happens to me," said Eckstein, with his rasping cough that filled the room, "you'll slip into the job. I've settled that with the editor. I said you were the best authority on chess—after me. I said you'd be good enough to give some little help."

Some little help!

Dixon's eyes flashed at this; then they died into a benevolent twinkle.

"You see, the people on The Comet never dismiss a contributor nor discontinue a settled feature. You'll be set up for life: a man can't starve on two hundred a year."

"Nothing is going to happen to you," returned Dixon briskly.

He spoke in the cheerful voice which does not ring true; spoke with the boisterous gale outside.

He laughed, leaning back, his spectacled eyes upon the rafters ceiling.

The laugh brought a woman. She lifted the latch of the old, low-hung door, and looked in. There was a towel in her hand, for she had been washing dishes; and as the men sat in the paper-littered room, getting ready for this weekly chess column of Eckstein's for the Comet, they had caught the busy clatter of crockery. You heard everything in this cottage. There were five rooms, yet it was as if you lived in one.

"I heard you laugh, Jim, so I knew you weren't working. I won't stay one minute or be a nuisance. But isn't it lovely to be down here? I had to look in and say that. Is your cough"—her face, which had rippled,

darkened—"troubling you more than usual to-day, Mr. Eckstein?"

"No more than usual, thank you." He disapproved of all women and of this one in particular. For she would never keep her proper place; she jiggled about through and over everything. He managed to instil contempt and rancor into his voice.

She looked sorry for him and distasteful. Her shoulder leaned at the old brown door; the towel was lax in her hand. Dixon looked up and marked idolatrously how graceful his wife was; that proudly poised head and sideways slope of the shoulder to the firm bust!

Their eyes met, in the most profound glance of perfect love possible. Her black hair was spun fine with silver—so that all the time she wore a delicate diadem. Her buoyant dark face was cut into by deep lines. He knew the full history of those furrows, and worshipped them. Yet somehow she was younger than youth. Her whole attitude expressed a sound, unshaken joy in life—as just life! Did he not dearly love her, this valiant wife of the long years—and would a man stick at anything to give such a creature gladness?

She withdrew, shutting the door softly and as softly singing. Dixon's worn face remained strangely lighted, and he looked not now at the rafters, but through the window at the bit of a garden. He saw a ghastly dead ash tree, and saw a big fuchsia bush, regally red. He was thinking of the past; the struggle and heart sickness

--for he had essayed everything--the bright married love burning through, well trimmed, undimmed, all the while.

He had been an usher, a private coach, an actor, a journalist--lots of things--and a dead failure at all. When he married Elizabeth he had expectations from an uncle. Through the early years they had said to each other, "If only we can grab on until Uncle Jonas dies." They smiled at the forecast. For you couldn't possibly love Uncle Jonas--so why not be truthful and smile? However, he had not died, but had married late and low and gone to live at Ipswich. They heard no more. Uncle Jonas had painted himself out from the picture.

Dixon now looked furtively from the forlorn ash, from the blood-red bush, at the man whose ghost he was. Yes, just a ghost; a grey, vague thing, docilely pulling spectral wires. For it was he who stood behind Eckstein doing all the work. He saw a cadaverous face, purple patched. It was a horrid blend of bad health and dissipation.

Why should Eckstein, with his rattletap body and cheap mind, succeed --and go on living.

At this thought, he fell upon his papers, checking problems and correcting proofs almost frantically. Eckstein took a lounge from that sticky box upon the table. He made a great noise. It was extremely disagreeable to be boxed up in a small, dull room with an invalid!

"Hurry up," He sucked desperately at the whitewashed wall. "I'm choking and cold, for this place is damp. Why did we come." He spluttered with the lounge. "I won't stay. I'm paying, after all."

"Elizabeth and I wouldn't have a holiday if you didn't. I won't be a minute. Throw over one of those long envelopes, can't you? Do something."

Eckstein threw it. "Got it all in?" he asked, watching Dixon pick the envelope. "The corrected proof and this week's copy and

the letter that grumbling fool from the provinces--"

"All in. Elizabeth shall post it. I've asked her to."

"Very well."

Dixon spoke curtly. He was staring round the room; as if he had never seen it before, and never again would see it--with the same eyes! He hated that row of medicine bottles upon the shelf, and hated the great coat on the peg behind the door and--well, the lot!

"Come out into the sun," he said. "So you feel it, too?" Eckstein shivered and grinned--that shapeless mouth of his was, for all the world, like a wound in his face.

He looked relieved and eager. He stumbled as he took his fluffy coat from the peg, and put it on and slipped the lounge box into his pocket.

"We'll go up that hill over the way," he said imperiously. "What is it called? Tre--something. We'll take it slowly. Tell Mrs. Dixon to have dinner ready by the time we come back, will you?"

They were, the three of them, camping out in an old engine house. The mines were disused, and some genius had hit upon the idea of converting the place into a dwelling. It was irregular and weird. Elizabeth, whose nature it was always to get off the track, had seen it advertised, and been wild to take it. Eckstein, who could very well afford to be generous to the Dixons now and then, had consented. He had been advised that mountain air was excellent for his chest.

"It isn't only my chest," he wheezed, as he pounded slowly up the great bracken-covered hill. "My heart's touched badly. This local fellow has told me so. I can't live without a doctor for a moment. I go quite giddy sometimes; you must have noticed me just now."

He appeared to be afraid of himself, and yet morbidly proud.

"I've noticed you lots of times," said Dixon thoughtfully. "So has Elizabeth; so have several people."

"One fine day I shall double up sud-

dently under the nose of a motor bus. You'll get The Cornet column, and your troubles will be over."

Dixon listened. Looking at the lantern jaw, listening to the labored breath, he said pensively to himself: "Well, why the dickens don't you?"

He was walking with his head back forward and his eyes saying several things behind the big glasses. Now and again he had to pull up sharp for Eckstein to look at the view; this was always the excuse.

"I don't suppose," he now said coarsely, "that you make a hundred a year, all told, do you? It comes rough on your wife, I must say. It's as bad as if you drank. That would be better. You'd get some fun, and she'd have the run of your pockets."

"I don't always make an even hundred--but you are very kind, old chap."

Could a voice convey more malignant gratitude?

Eckstein appeared mollified and flattered.

"I do what I can," he said, grandiloquently. "I'm sorry for you."

Certainly he had done well for himself! There was a look of shattered opulence about him. His thick coat with the expensive collar, the very cigar which he had lighted at the foot of the hill, briefly puffed at, then tossed away!

Yet he had no brains in particular. He just had the gift of getting on. In addition to The Cornet, he worked for other papers. He worked also for a syndicate. He had saved, and he had speculated warily.

Dixon, pondering on this, was chafing at his own perpetual poverty, and mournfully adoring Elizabeth for her splendid efforts.

The darling! How she had turned and patched her own clothes and his, so that they might come away for this little jaunt and be a credit to their prosperous and influential friend. For Eckstein had a coldly critical glance; she had flinched beneath it often, and it was not wise to vex him.

She had boggled and cobbled and

darned, laughing through the wreckage of it all, making quaint jokes on their constant dilemmas of the pocket. Yet the man who loved her looked straight through into the very depths of her heart and saw the long aching and the weariness.

"Those engine houses"--Eckstein pointed to them as they dotted the hills--"look ghastly!"

"They look like churches that have been sold to the devil," was the ready answer, "and certainly living in one gets on your nerves."

"I'm glad you feel it, too. This is a very good view."

"Splendid!" Dixon seemed to snort.

He stared at the purple heather, at the crimsoning heather, at blackberries so ripe that they appeared to be bursting with juice. These hills were of wine and of fresh-flowing blood.

"It's a wild place and a wild people," he said deliberately. "The sort of place that would make your sin less. Do you know what I mean?"

"Not I. Nor care. They certainly are a queer lot. My doctor told me yesterday?"--(Why did he so often say, "My doctor told me"? Why would he drag this abominable medicated trail behind him?)--"that one winter a foreign tramp turned up in the town. He seemed ill, and they couldn't understand a word the poor beggar said. It was a stormy night. They turned him loose, and said that the chances were he'd fall down a mine shaft and so save a lot of trouble."

"Now I call that courage!" Dixon jumped, and looked suddenly intelligent. "There's a mine shaft over there. Come and look at it!"

He walked fast, cutting across the grass and heather, skirting the great grey boulders that, seen from the road, looked like sheep upon the hills.

"They all ought to be walked round. It is disgraceful," panted Eckstein when he came up and they stood together at the edge. "Anyone might stumble or take a false step or turn giddy--"

"They turned him loose! I call that courage," laughed Dixon.

"It would be murder anywhere else, my friend," returned the other man dryly.

Then, remembering that sometimes he turned giddy, he stepped back.

This place was certainly frightful, and they felt it. For one of them was thinking his own sad tangled thoughts and the other knew perfectly well that, mine shaft or no, he, for his part, stood cheek by jowl with Death.

Hadn't the specialist said so before he came away?

"The very trees are twisted. I shall be glad to get back to London," he said pettishly.

"Will you? Well, it's safe and small, anyhow. No open holes," Dixon, as he spoke, laughed—just as he had laughed in the little damp chamber of the converted engine house over there. He perched, giddy, yet gaunt, upon its particular hill. He could spy it through the enchantingly warm sea mist. Elizabeth was probably still inside—innocent, hopeful, anxious; always young and wholly his. He would do anything in the world to give her constant rest.

He stared at a stunted oak that grew near.

"Devonshire says," he spoke stupidly, "that Cornwall can't grow wood enough to make a coffin. Got that from the guide book."

"Confound you! I don't want to talk about coffins."

"Why not? We must all conform to them. And yet—I don't know. One might get—drowned."

"One might," affirmed Eckstein, and they screwed their eyes to blink at the sea.

"Come up closer. Let's have a good look."

Dixon took one more step forward towards the shaft; perhaps the last a man could take with safety.

"No, thanks; I might turn giddy."

"Nonsense. I'll hang on to you."

Dixon sniffed at the salt, sunlit gale. It was blowing so sweet and strong up here. Now that was Elizabeth—sweet and strong! The fronds of the bracken waved—as fans. Bramble trails toas-

ed their sharp, wine-stained arms. The air itself was wine, and it raced in his veins.

"My doctor told me"—Eckstein advanced; he stood so close that you heard the rattle of his breathing—"that if you threw a stone down one of these places and hit—"

"Let's throw a stone," shouted Dixon, with a boyish, holiday manner.

He stepped back, stooped, and picked one up. It was a biggish stone, stained softly with many-hued lichens that ate into its grey.

He carried it in both hands and, cautiously, he threw it into that cruel hole, with its tangle of briars and ivy and fern, with its blackened, wet sides; glossy sides that you might slide down.

"You might have given me a sly push." He stood up, and his worn face looked extra haggard. "But it wouldn't pay you to kill me. Hear it?"

"Pay me? What are you driving at?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing. But ten bob a week is cheap for doing all the work and swallowing every cursed insult, and knowing that Elizabeth is eating your bread and lying under your roof."

He stopped. Eckstein had not listened. He appeared transfixed. The rough wind blew his straggling hair about, and flapped at the tails of his long coat. He was listening to the clear bump and thud of the stone as it fell.

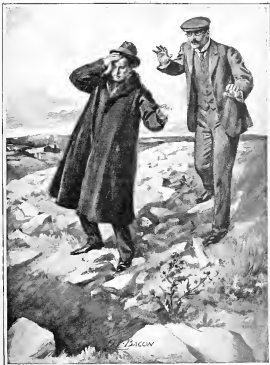
"They ought to wall such places round. They do, as a rule, so I understand from my doctor. A man might stumble or turn giddy. Hold on to me, Dixon. I'm afraid to step back!"

"I warned you," returned Dixon strangely.

Then, appearing jubilant, just as if he did some grand, ungodly deed, he gave the one little necessary push.

* * *

The thing was impetuous, inevitable. He had been destined to do it, since endurance suddenly snapped. And—this he had said a short time



"HOLD ON TO ME, DIXON. I'M AFRAID TO STEP BACK!"

before—a purple place of this sort, it made your sin smelt less.

II

He did not feel afraid. The wine of the day yet raced in his body. Delicious airs fanned him. The mist was cool upon his face. He felt as if the weight of all the years had fallen off.

He went and sat upon a great, leather-girt rock, not so very far away. He dreamed about the many things that he would now buy for Elizabeth. He would not only get The Cornet column—that was settled—but he would move heaven and earth to get those other columns of poor Eckstein's, too.

He slipped gradually into the greasy slow sea of journalism. Dreams died. They must get back to London as soon as possible, he and Elizabeth. He must buzz round and see editors. Little by little, he became obsessed by fear. Not fear of the thing he had done; already, he had decided that he did not do it. The nagging dreads of his calling came to him; as to whether, say he got the work, it would last. If it did not—then Eckstein had turned giddy for nothing!

Will The Cornet keep on the column? Will they cut down the price? Shall I be able to keep up the standard?

These were the questions he unconsciously asked himself.

He looked back at the mine shaft. He could not clearly see that awful gap; the wonderful, violet mist of the day got between him and it. That was as well. Otherwise he would have felt compelled to move off and, whimsically, he wondered if his legs would carry him.

He said to himself that here, in the space before Elizabeth climbed the hill to look for him, he would look into the awful eyes of Truth. For he was, of course, just a murderer. The mark of Cain was upon him—clear! Childishly, he took off his cap, and laid it on the vivid, warm rock.

Urging himself to be impersonal, to

be cynical, not to miss one point; to be just a journalist writing up this most interesting affair in a popular, a thrilling form, he thought things out. He remembered cases quoted where murderers after many years had given themselves up to justice. Perhaps he might do that—say Elizabeth died first.

"But if I did"—he rubbed a finger across his brow and felt nothing—"nobody would believe me. They would say that the shock of seeing him go over had turned my brain."

And, indeed, it had been a shock. It was going to account in the future for any eccentricities he might develop. A man's nerves never recovered.

Everyone knew what great friends they were, he and poor Eckstein. They were as much to each other as two men could possibly be. This was common knowledge, and had been for years. Even the people down here had commented behind his back on his devotion to the invalid. Elizabeth had gleaned this, and joyfully brought the news to him.

Everything would be all right—if only he did not talk in his sleep!

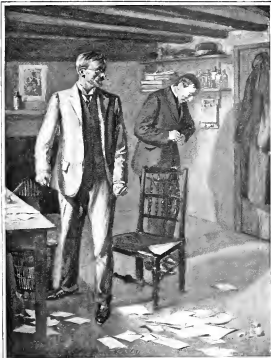
The sick, new knowledge now came: that there would be barriers between him and Elizabeth. The old perfect communion was forfeit. He did not mind, so long as the never saw the spikes and pallading.

He laughed. How these awful, wine-stained hills did echo! You'd think some man was laughing underneath.

He was—a murderer! He said the word now, for the first time and the last. He would deny the thing to himself, for you could disprove anything if you kept on denying long enough and savagely enough. You could put it out and totally destroy it. The power of will was wonderful.

He would go on living—and lying inside of himself. The sea was blue, the world was warm, and there was Elizabeth.

Presently she would be coming up to look for him and Eckstein. Then he would have to be very careful as



"DEXAS WAS STAREING AROUND THE ROOM AS IF HE NEVER AGAIN WOULD SEE IT—WITH THE SAME EYES!"

to what he said and how he said it; not only to her, but to the rest of the world, and for the remainder of his days.

Only at breakfast this morning Eckstein had said, "I keep on turning giddy, Mrs. Dixon." One must remind her of that, and it was one of the things to say at the inquest. There would also be the evidence of the doctor. Poor old Eckstein!

He said beneath his breath, and accounting each word off on a finger:

"He had a way of turning giddy; that was heart. He would insist upon going too near the edge, although I warned him."

Now, everyone knew that Eckstein had been obstinate!

He sat rigid on the rock. But when he suddenly saw Elizabeth coming up the flashing zigzag mountain track he picked his cap up and jammed it down hard over his brows.

Why couldn't Elizabeth have stayed where she was in the engine-house?

Her cotton skirt brushed at the wiry heather on either side the path. There was a patch in the skirt: a new bit, looking dark.

For one frightful moment he hated that figure in the patched skirt. And he said to himself frantically, "Is everything going to leave me?"

The darling! It had been only for a moment. The next, he loved her more madly than ever before. He had done it for her, after all. And she would never know.

She approached. There were awful moments. She put her hand in her pocket. A revolver, perhaps, to blow out his brains. And that would be best, for he felt sure he would not keep that column in The Cornet. He never kept anything. One by one the means of making a decent living had slipped away. His very touch was destructive. He had killed everything and everyone save Elizabeth.

She took a letter from her pocket. She called out clearly as she came:

"Why, where is Mr. Eckstein?"

Dixon stood up and spoke, sound-

ing his legs and voice. To his marvel and joy they were cunning; for they stood and sounded normal—stood and sounded guiltless, rather. For, of course, he was hideously upset; he was stunned. That must be remembered.

"Never mind him for a minute. Is that letter from The Cornet?"

Of course it was. Without any doubt they had chuckled the chess column. He was suddenly choking and falling. He bumped back on the rock again. That man under the hill—which now was haunted—laughed and wheezed. The—suicide? Suppose that Eckstein, sick of suffering, had deliberately gone down the shaft! That was ingenious.

Elizabeth's face was marvellous. It was more joyful than even he had before seen it, and it ran with tears.

"The Cornet! Why, Jim, don't look so frightened, darling, my darling. Newspapers don't matter any more."

"Has it told on you so, our long struggle?" she said pitifully. "I didn't think you felt it quite so much."

He leaned on her, not speaking; keeping himself safe and sure by the close radiance of her presence.

She gave him the letter.

"It's from Ipswich. I had to open it. Forgive me. I went to the post office with Mr. Eckstein's copy, and this was waiting. Your Uncle Jonas is dead. Only five hundred to that woman he married; the rest to you. It's the lawyer's letter. Read it. We are rich, and—how awfully ill you look! I wish we had some brandy. Doesn't Mr. Eckstein always carry a flask?"

Roughly, passionately, her husband drew her head away from all sight of the mine shaft. The most supreme sacrifices were secret! She would never know.

They drifted speechless, misty, into each other's arms: she pure and protective, he clammy and shaking.

For in a minute or so he must spin his little yarn.



THE STATE CAPITAL AT PROVIDENCE

The Canadian-Born Governor of the State of Rhode Island

By

J. Earl Clauson

PARAPHRASING the Apostle Paul, Governor Aram J. Pothier, of Rhode Island, the first Canadian-born governor, of French ancestry, in the Union, can truthfully say that he is the chief executive of no mean state. For the Rhode Islander, whenever he becomes the subject of what he considers ill-timed jests about the political division he calls home, is able to call to his command a mass of statistics calculated to stagger his tormentor.

He will admit, gracefully and without reserve, since evasion is out of the question, that Rhode Island is in area the smallest of the fifty-two states and territories, excepting, of course, the District of Columbia, which, after all, is only another name for the City

of Washington. Rhode Island comprises only twelve hundred and fifty square miles against—for the sake of comparison—the two thousand square miles of Prince Edward Island, or the 222,000 square miles of the Province of Ontario.

But he will also show that, while smallest of the states, Rhode Island ranks thirty-fourth in population, with a total of 480,000 by the census of 1905. That is to say, there are more than half as many states and territories containing fewer souls as there are containing more. He will point with even greater pride to the fact that only fifteen states can boast a greater per capita wealth than Rhode Island, with its \$1,700 to each man, woman and child. And, if that is

not enough, he will pass on to remark that Rhode Island, microscopic though she may be in area, is twenty-third in the amount of capital invested in manufacturing, second in the output of cotton cloth, third in woollen goods, and outranks them all, no odds asked, in the production of "filled gold" jewelry.

To these convincing statements he may add another, namely, that Rhode Island is eighth of the states in her Canadian-born population, and that its wane sections, notably in Woonsocket, her third largest city, and the home of Governor Pothier, every fourth person one meets on the street first saw the light in the Dominion.

Three of the states which surpass Rhode Island in Canadian-born population are of the New England group—Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts. The others are New York, Illinois, Michigan and Minnesota. The election of a native of Canada to the chief office in the gift of the people represented, therefore, only the discharge of part of the debt Rhode Island owes to the Dominion for the thrift and industry of this element.

Governor Pothier was first elected Governor on November 3, 1908, by a plurality of 7,479, in the largest total vote, 77,586, ever cast for chief executive of Rhode Island. It was thought a good showing for the year, being within three thousand of the record plurality, but in November, 1909, when Governor Pothier ran for a second time, he set a new mark by rolling up a plurality in excess of eleven thousand.

He was inaugurated on January 5, 1909. It was his manner of discharging the duties of an office which demands the exercise of great tact and the retention of the friendship of all classes of a heterogeneous population which made it expedient for the Republican party of Rhode Island to draught him for service for a second time.

The most important event in Mr. Pothier's life, preceding the time he moved to Rhode Island, was his birth

near the pretty little St. Lawrence valley city of Three Rivers, 54 years ago. His ancestors came from Chartres, France, the ancient city on the River Loire, France, the first of the name landing in Montreal about 1635, a year before Rhode Island's famous founder, Roger Williams, established Providence. Mr. Pothier passed his boyhood near Three Rivers, receiving his early education at Nicolet College, and he was still a student there when his father, the late Jules Pothier, decided, in 1870, to look for a revival of fortune in one of the factory villages of New England. It was the reconstruction period in the United States. Between '61 and '65 a great civil war had drained the nation of the flower of its youth, and retarded development. Following the surrender of the Southern armies there came a notable revival of industry. Business entered upon an era of expansion, prosperity once more beamed upon the people of the North, with a smile which promised at any moment to break into a hearty laugh, and the country could not meet the demands of manufacturers for labor. The call for help went northward to Canada; it sounded most loudly in the Province of Quebec, where it was listened to at first by only a few. Presently these sent back word of steady employment with good pay, and a movement southward began, which, in the lower provinces, assumed the proportions of a tidal wave of emigration.

Most of those who answered the summons were bent, like the father of the Governor, on getting employment in the rubber mills and the cotton and woollen establishments of New England. There was plenty of work for all who sought it, wages were good, and with this accustomed thrift the newcomers scaled their living expenses to a point where they could pile up a balance on the right side of the ledger.

To the future Governor of the state of his adoption, however, a career as a mill operative did not appear es-

pecially attractive. So, instead of learning how to direct the movements of a loom, he found a position when he was 21 in the Woonsocket Institution for Savings, and there he spent the succeeding 33 years. When he first entered the bank, Woonsocket was a place of about 12,000 souls; now it numbers about 35,000, and the bank has grown proportionately. Each year has seen new responsibilities placed upon Mr. Pothier's shoulders, and it is a matter of record that he has never failed to rise to them. In the

land Legislature, and in 1889 was appointed by the then Governor of Rhode Island commissioner from the state to the Paris Exposition. In the same year he was chosen city auditor of Woonsocket, a position he held until he was elected mayor in 1894, receiving the honor of re-election the following year. In 1897 he was the candidate of the Republican party for lieutenant-governor, and the manner in which he ran ahead of his ticket forecasted the victory he was to win eleven years later in his race for the



RESIDENCE OF GOVERNOR POTHIER AT WOONSOCKET R.I.

passage of time he has acquired a knowledge of the bank's affairs which makes him indispensable alike to the house and its customers. To the latter he impersonates the bank itself to a large degree; his countrymen are in the habit of speaking of the place as "Mr. Pothier's bank," with never a thought but that he and the institution are one and inseparable.

Governor Pothier's public career began in 1883 when he was elected a member of the school committee of his home city for three years; in 1887 and 1888 he was elected to the Rhode Is-

land Legislature, for he piled up the largest plurality ever obtained by a candidate for the lieutenant-governorship. In 1900 Mr. Pothier was again sent abroad to represent the state at the Paris Exposition of that year.

It was during his visits to Paris that two very important things happened. One was his meeting with Mlle. Françoise de Charmigny, whom he married in 1902. The other was the cultivation of an acquaintance with some of the big French manufacturers of lines of goods which Mr. Pothier believed could be successfully

handed in America. During his term as mayor he became interested in the development of Woonsocket industrially, believing that, situated as it was, midway between Boston, the great wool entrepot, and New York, the great distributing centre for manufactured goods, it was able to offer special advantages to those engaged in the production of woolen goods. His friendship with French manufacturers gave him an opportunity to preach this gospel, which he did so effectively that the addition of seven big factories to Woonsocket's industrial establishments is directly traceable to his efforts. The seven represent about three million dollars in capital invested, and give employment to about 2,000 hands. As explaining in part the confidence his fellow citizens repose in him it may be noted that while Mr. Pothier has been remarkably successful in obtaining tax exemption for plants which have been established in Woonsocket, he has never sought this privilege for concerns in which he is directly interested.

It is easy enough to tell what a man has done, but to tell what he is presents certain complexities. Governor Pothier may be pictured as somewhat under the average height, smooth of face, with grey hair, sparse above the temples, dressed probably during business hours in a grey frock coat, grey trousers and the accessories which indicate a self-respecting attention to the details of attire without foppishness. There is nothing about the costume to detract attention from the face, and it is the face which is most worthy of study.

Governor Pothier's face is of the type artists like to paint. It is a series of planes with few softening curves. That does not mean that it is a hard face; it is far from that. Rather, it is a sensitive face, which responds readily to its owner's feelings—the mouth, which frequently goes with "temperament." But the crisply cut planes of the face would render the portrait painter's task an easy one, a

fact which has been proved by the ease with which newspaper artists in their hasty pen sketches have caught the likeness. As he talks with you, Governor Pothier conveys the impression that he is interested in what you have brought to his attention. There is a world of difference in "glad-hand" men. Many of those in politics fail utterly to convince their auditors that their friendliness lies deeper than the surface. They are actors, but their acting is indifferent.

It is to the other type of "glad-hand" men that Governor Pothier belongs. His interest in your story is made both apparent and convincing, and you feel while with him and afterwards that he is friends with the human race for other than purely selfish reasons. There is nothing dictatorial about his manner. He does not attempt to direct the conversation and movements of those who enter into relations with him. Adaptability is one of his prominent qualities. He fits into a situation as if he belonged there.

Governor Pothier represented in advance of his time the tendencies of the second generation of the States' Canadian-born citizens, the trend away from the mills and into business and professional life. Of the nearly 40,000 native Canadians in Rhode Island, more than 31,000 are, like the state's chief executive, of French ancestry, and the great bulk of them was added to its population during the influx of the seventies. A few, to be sure, went into trade, a few were already educated for the professions, but the great majority were green from the little farms of Quebec and unfitted for any labor requiring at the outset greater skill than is demanded for tending a loom or running the spindles of a cotton mill. But they were steady workers and saving beyond anything their Yankee fellowmen dreamed of, and they appreciated the advantages of education. They were quick to seize the opportunities of the free-school system for their children, and many of them, not content with

what the high school offered, spent their accumulations in sending their boys to the institutions of higher education.

For boys and girls thus trained, the mill was, of course, out of the question. The latter, with few exceptions, married, but the former sought an outlet for their energies in the recognized professions. As illustrative of the wholesale way in which they have grasped their chance, a few figures from Woonsocket, the state's most typical French-Canadian city, may be taken. It has eighteen French-Canadian physicians, five lawyers, one architect, fifteen clergymen, and one hundred and sixty-four merchants. Clearly the mill has been outgrown.

During recent years the trend toward the professions has been so marked among the second and third generations of Canadian-born citizens as to cause fear that they would become seriously overcrowded. The note of alarm was struck by Governor Pothier in an address delivered during

the summer before the Franco-American Chamber of Commerce of New England. He said:

"Since the colonial period the tendency has been toward professional life. That life has been and is the aim of so many in successive generations that we have had and have today crowded professions as a result, and because of this tendency I believe that the industry and the energy of your people have suffered."

"We should encourage our young men to get away from the professions—to enter commercial, trade and scientific schools and military or naval academies. With a fast-growing population on this northern hemisphere, immense and untold resources to develop and extraordinary possibilities in trade here and in South America and in the Pacific, such schools should invite our young men, and you business men should be the advisers of our youth and the advocates of such preparation for the practical affairs of life."



WOOLEN MILL AT WOONSOCKET
ONE OF THE INDUSTRIES DISCOUNTED BY GOVERNOR POTHIER IN HIS MIND CIVIL



HE CAUGHT HER HANDS AND HELD THEM TIGHTLY FORGETTING THAT SHE WAS TON ST. CLAIR'S WIFE

An Unpremeditated Ceremony

By L. M. Montgomery

Author of "Anne of Green Gables."

SELWYN GRANT sauntered in upon the assembled family at the homestead as if he were returning from an hour's absence instead of a western sojourn of ten years. Guided by the sound of voices on the still, pungent, autumnal air, he went round to the door of the dining-room, which opened directly on the poppy walk in the garden.

Nobody noticed him for a moment, and he stood in the doorway, looking at them with a smile, wondering what was the reason of the festal air that hung about them all as visibly as a garment. His mother sat by the table, industriously polishing the best silver spoons, which, as he remembered, were only brought forth upon great occasions. Her eyes were as bright, her form as erect, her nose—the Cartson nose—as pronounced and aristocratic as of yore.

Selwyn saw little change in her. But was it possible that the tall, handsome young lady, with the sleek brows pompadour and a nose unmistakably and plebeianly Grant, who sat by the window doing something to a heap of lace and organdie in her lap, was the little curly-headed, sunburned sister of thirteen whom he remembered? The young man leaning against the sideboard must be Leo, of course; a fine-looking, broad-shouldered young fellow who made Selwyn suddenly think that he must be growing old. And there was the little thin, grey father in the corner, peering at his newspaper with near-sighted eyes.

Selwyn's heart gave a bound at the sight of him which not even his mother had caused. Dear old dad! The years had been kind to him.

Mrs. Grant held up a glistening spoon and surveyed it complacently.

"There, I think that is bright enough even to suit Margaret Graham. I shall take over three dozen teas and two dozen desserts. I wish, Bertha, that you would tie a red cord around each of the handles for me. The Carmody spoons are the same pattern, and I shall always be convinced that Mrs. Carmody carried off two of ours in place of her own the time Jenny Graham was married. I don't mean to take any more risks. And, father—"

Something made the mother look round, and she saw her first-born.

When the commotion was over, Selwyn asked why the family spoons were being rubbed up. "For the wedding, of course," said Mrs. Grant, polishing her spectacles and deciding that there was no more time for tears and sentiment just then. "And here they're not half done—and we'll have to dress in another hour. Bertha is of no use whatever—she is so taken up with her bridesmaid finery."

"Wedding? Whose wedding?" demanded Selwyn in bewilderment.

"Why, Leo's, of course. Leo is to be married to-night. Didn't you get your invitation? Wasn't it that which brought you home?"

"Hand me a chair, quick," implored Selwyn. "Leo, are you going to com-

in matrimony in this headlong fashion? Are you sure you're grown up?"

"Six feet is a pretty good imitation of it, isn't it?" grinned Leo. "Brace up, old fellow. It's not so bad as it might be. She's quite a respectable girl. We wrote you all about it three weeks ago and broke the news as gently as possible."

"I left for the east a month ago, and have been wandering around peering out old college chums ever since. Haven't seen a letter. There, I'm better now. No, you needn't fawn me, sis. Well, no family can get through the world without its seasons of tribulations. Who is the party of the second part, little brother?"

"Alice Graham," replied Mrs. Grant, who had a habit of speaking for her children, none of whom had the Carston nose.

"Alice Graham! That child!" exclaimed Selwyn in astonishment.

Leo roared.

"Come, come, Sel, perhaps we're not very progressive here in Croyden, but we don't actually stand still. Girls are apt to stretch out some between ten and twenty, you know. You old bachelors think nobody ever grows up. Why, Sel, you're grey around your temples!"

"Too well I know it; but a man's own brother shouldn't be the first to cast such things up to him. I'll admit, since I come to think of it, that Alice has probably grown bigger. Is she any better-looking than she used to be?"

"Alice is a charming girl," said Mrs. Grant impressively. "She is a beauty, and she is also sweet and sensible, which is not a usual combination. We are all very much pleased with Leo's choice. But we have really no more time to spare just now. The wedding is fixed for seven o'clock."

"Is there anybody you can send to the station for my luggage?" asked Selwyn. "Luckily I've got a new suit; otherwise I shouldn't have the face to go."

"Well, I must be off," said Mrs. Grant. "Thomas will go for your things. Father, take Selwyn away so that I won't be tempted to waste time talking to him."

In the library father and son looked at each other affectionately.

"Dad, it's a blessing to see you just the same. I'm a little dizzy with all these changes. Bertha grown up, and Leo within an inch of being married! To Alice Graham at that, whom I can't think of yet as anything else than the long-legged, black-eyed imp of mischief she was when a kiddie. To tell you the truth, dad, I don't feel in the mood for going to a wedding at Wish-ton-wish to-night. I'm sure you don't either. You've always hated fusses. Can't we shirk it?"

They smiled at each other with chummy remembrance of many a family festival they had "shirked" together in the old days. But Mr. Grant shook his head.

"Not this time, sonny. There are some things a decent man can't shirk, and one of them is his own boy's wedding. It's a nuisance, but I must go through with it. You'll understand how it is when you're a family man yourself. By the way, why aren't you a family man by this time? Why haven't I been put to the bother and inconvenience of attending your wedding before now, son?"

Selwyn laughed, with a little note of bitterness in the laughter which his father's quick ear detected.

"I've been too busy with law-books, dad, to find me a wife."

Mr. Grant shook his bushy grey head.

"That's not the real reason, son. The world has a wife for every man. If he hasn't found her by the time he's thirty-five there's some real reason for it. Well, I don't want to pry into yours, but I hope it's a sound one, and not a mean, sneaking, selfish sort of reason. Perhaps you'll choose a Madame Selwyn some day yet. In case you should, I'm going to give you a small bit of good advice. Your mother

now—she's a splendid woman, Selwyn, a splendid woman. She can't be matched as a housekeeper, and she has improved my finances until I don't know them when I meet them. She's been a good wife and a good mother. If I were a young man I'd court her and marry her over again, that I would. But, son, when you pick out a wife, pick one with a nice little commonplace nose, not a family nose. Never marry a woman with a family nose, son."

A woman with a family nose came into the library at this juncture and beamed maternally upon them both.

"There's a bite for you in the dining-room. After you've eaten it you must dress. Mind you brush your hair well down, father. The green room is ready for you, Selwyn. To-morrow I'll have a good talk with you, but tonight I'll be too busy to remember that you're around. How are we all going to get over to Wish-ton-wish? Leo and Bertha are going in the pony carriage. It won't hold a third passenger. You'll have to squeeze into the buggy with father and me, Selwyn."

"By no means," said Selwyn briskly. "I'll walk over to Wish-ton-wish. It's only a mile across lots. I suppose the old way is still open?"

"It ought to be," answered Mr. Grant dryly. "Leo keeps it well trodden. If you have forgotten how it runs he can tell you."

"I haven't forgotten," said Selwyn a little brusquely.

He had his own reasons for remembering the woodpath. Leo had not been the first Grant to go courting to Wish-ton-wish.

When he started, the moon, round and red and hairy, was rising in an eastern hill-gap. The autumn air was mild and spicy. Long shadows stretched across the fields on his right, and silvery mosaics patterned the floor of the old beechwood lane. Selwyn walked slowly. He was thinking of Esme Graham, or rather, of the girl who had been Esme Graham, and wondering if he would see her at the

wedding. It was probable—and he did not want to see her. In spite of ten years' effort he did not think he could yet look upon Tom St. Clair's wife with the proper calm indifference. At the best, it would taint his own memory of her; he would never again be able to think of her as Esme Graham, but only as Esme St. Clair.

The Grahams had come to Wish-ton-wish eleven years before. There was a big family of girls, of whom the tall, brown-haired Esme was the oldest. There was one summer during which Selwyn Grant had haunted Wish-ton-wish, the merry comrade of the younger girls, the boyishly, silently devoted lover of Esme. Tom St. Clair had always been there, too, in his right as second cousin, Selwyn supposed. One day he found out that Tom and Esme had been engaged ever since she was sixteen; one of her sisters told him. That had been all. He had gone away soon after; and some time later a letter from home made casual mention of Tom St. Clair's marriage.

He narrowly missed being late for the wedding ceremony. The bridal party entered the parlor at Wish-ton-wish just as he slipped in by another door. Selwyn almost whistled with amazement at sight of the bride. Could that be Alice Graham—that tall, stately young woman, with her masses of dead-black hair frosted over by the film of her wedding veil? Could that be the scrawny little tomboy of eleven years ago? She looked not unlike Esme, with that subtle family resemblance which is quite independent of feature and coloring.

Where was Esme? Selwyn cast his eyes furtively over the assembled guests, while the minister read the marriage service. He recognized several of the Graham girls, but he did not see Esme, although Tom St. Clair, stout and florid and prosperous-looking, was standing on a chair in a far-away corner, peering over the heads of the women.

After the turmoil of handshakings

and congratulations, Selwyn fled to the cool, still, outdoors, where the rosy glow of Chinese lanterns mingled with the waves of moonshine to make fairyland. And there he met her, as she came out of the house by a side door, a tall, slender woman, in some glistening, clinging garment, with white flowers shining like stars in the coils of her brown hair. In the soft glow she looked even more beautiful than in the days of her girlhood, and Selwyn's heart throbbed dangerously at sight of her.

"Esme," he said involuntarily. She started, and he had an idea that she changed color, although it was too dim to be sure.

"Selwyn," she exclaimed, putting out her hands. "Why, Selwyn Grant! Is it really you? Or are you such stuff as dreams are made of? I did not know you were here. I did not know you were home."

He caught her hands and held them tightly, drawing her a little closer to him, forgetting that she was Tom St. Clair's wife, remembering only that she was the woman to whom he had given all his love and life's devotion, to the entire beggariness of his heart.

"I reached home only four hours ago, and was hailed straightway here to Leo's wedding. I'm dizzy, Esme. I can't adjust my old conceptions to this new state of affairs all at once. It seems ridiculous to think that Leo and Alice are married. I'm sure they can't really be grown up."

Esme laughed as she drew away her hands.

"We are all ten years older," she said lightly.

"Not you. You are more beautiful than ever, Esme. That sunflower compliment is permissible in an old friend, isn't it?"

"This mellow glow is kinder to me than sunlight now. I am thirty, you know, Selwyn."

"And I have some grey hairs," he confessed. "I knew I had them, but I had a sneaking hope that other folks didn't until Leo destroyed it to-day."

These young brothers and sisters who won't stay children are nuisances. You'll be telling me next thing, Esme, that Baby is grown up."

"Baby is eighteen and has a bean," laughed Esme. "And I give you fair warning that she insists on being called Laura now. Do you want to come for a walk with me—down under the beeches to the old lane gate? I came out to see if the fresh air would do my bit of a headache good. I shall have to help with the supper later on."

They went slowly across the lawn and turned into a dim, moonlit lane beyond an old, favorite haunt. Selwyn felt like a man in a dream—a pleasant dream from which he dreads to awaken. The voices and laughter echoing out from the house died away behind them, and the great silence of the night fell about them as they came to the old gate, beyond which was a range of shining, moonlight-misted fields.

For a little while neither of them spoke. The woman looked out across the white spaces, and the man watched the glimmering curve of her neck and the soft darkness of her rich hair. How virginal, how sacred, she looked! The thought of Tom St. Clair was a sacrilege.

"It's nice to see you again, Selwyn," said Esme frankly at last. "There are so few of our old set left, and so many of the babies grown up. Sometimes I don't know my world, it has changed so. It's an uncomfortable feeling. You give me a pleasant sensation of really belonging here. I'd be lonesome to-night if I dared. I'm going to miss Alice so much. There will be only mother and Baby and I left now. Our family circle has dwindled woefully."

"Mother and Baby and you?" Selwyn felt his head whirling again. "Why, where is Tom?"

He felt that it was an idiotic question, but it slipped from his tongue before he could catch it. Esme turned her head and looked at him wonderingly.

He knew that in the sunlight her eyes were as mistily blue as early meadow violets, but here they looked dark and unfathomably tender.

"Tom?" she said perplexedly. "Do you mean Tom St. Clair? He is here, of course, he and his wife. Didn't you see her—that pretty woman in pale pink? Lil Meredith, why, you used to know Lil, didn't you. One of the Uxbridge Merediths."

To the day of his death Selwyn Grant will firmly believe that, if he had not clutched fast hold of the top bar of the gate, he would have tumbled down on the moss under the beeches in speechless astonishment. All the surprises of that surprising evening were nothing to this. He had a swift conviction that there were no words in the English language that could fully express his feelings, and that it would be a waste of time to try to find any. Therefore, he said hold of the first baldly commonplace ones that came handy and said tamely:

"I thought you were married to Tom."

"You—thought—I—was—married—to—Tom!" repeated Esme slowly. "Have you thought that all these years, Selwyn Grant?"

"Yes, I have. Is it any wonder? You were engaged to Tom when I went away. Jenny told me you were. And a year later Bertha wrote me a letter in which she made some reference to Tom's marriage. She didn't say to whom, but hadn't I the right to suppose it was to you?"

"Oh!" The word was partly a sigh and partly a little cry of long-concealed, long-denied pain. "It has all been a—funny—misunderstanding. Tom and I were engaged once—a boy and girl affair in the beginning. Then we both found out that we had made a mistake—that what we had thought was love was merely the affection of good comrades. We broke our engagement the spring we came to Wash-ton-wah. All the older girls

knew it was broken, but I suppose nobody mentioned the fact to Jen. She was such a child we never thought about her. And you've thought I was Tom's wife all this time? It's funny."

"Funny? You mean tragic! Look here, Esme, I'm not going to risk any more misunderstanding. There's nothing for it but plain talk when matters get to such a state as this. I love you—and I've loved you ever since I met you. I went away because I could not stay here and see you married to another man. I've stayed away for the same reason. Esme, is it too late? Did you ever care anything for me?"

"Yes, I did," she said slowly. "Do you care still?"

She hid her face against his shoulder.

"Yes," she whispered.

"Then we'll go back to the house and be married," he said joyfully.

Esme broke away and stared at him.

"Married!"

"Yes; married. We've wasted ten years, and we're not going to waste another minute. We are not, I say."

"Selwyn! It's impossible!"

"I have expurgated that word from my dictionary. It is the most possible thing when you look at it in an unprejudiced way. Here is a ready-made wedding, decorations, and assembled guests, a minister on the spot, and a province where no license is required. You have a very pretty new dress on; I have a plain gold ring on my little finger which will fit you. Aren't all the conditions fulfilled? Where is the sense of waiting and having another family upheaval in a few weeks' time?"

"I understand why you have made such a success of law," said Esme, "but—"

"There are no 'buts.' Come with me, Esme. I'm going to hunt up your mother and mine and talk to them."

Half an hour later an astonishing whisper went circulating among the guests. Before they could grasp its significance, Tom St. Clair and Jen's

husband, broadly smiling, were bustling scattered folk into the parlor again and making clear a passage in the hall. The minister came in with his blue book; and then Selwyn Grant and Esme Graham walked in hand in hand.

When the second ceremony was over Mr. Grant shook his son's hand vigorously.

"There's no need to wish you impishness son—you've got it. And you've made one fuss and bother do for both weddings—that's what I call genius. And—this in a careful whisper while Esme was temporarily obliterated in Mrs. Grant's capacious embrace "she's got the right sort of a nose. But your mother is a grand woman, son—a grand woman!"

The Power to Choose and How to Develop It

By C. M. Falconer

THE disciples of Darwin tell us that, in the process of evolution, the Will was the last faculty to appear.

Whether we accept their whole theory or not, the fact remains that Man is distinguished from other animals by the possession of the power to choose between two or more lines of conduct and put that decision into execution; that this faculty is capable of unlimited development; and that men are distinguished from one another, on final analysis, solely by the degree to which they have trained their Will to decide and act effectively. That is to say, back of every success that was ever achieved you will find a strong Will, and back of every failure a weak will.

The man of weak Will may be blessed with all the other advantages it is possible to give him, he may have the wealth of a Rockefeller, the strength of a Hercules, the symmetry of an Adonis, the intellect of a Newton, the soul of a Lincoln; but could such a man lack will power, he will make very little out of those resources; while the man of Will Power, of indomitable strength of purpose, will not only make the most of what he himself has, but will bend others to the execution of his plans.

The Will is a curious faculty. Though it dominates every other fac-

ulty singly, yet, together, all the others control the Will.

Indeed, I may say that they constitute it; for the Will is in many respects a sort of product or distillation of the other faculties. This is evidenced by the fact that any fault in body, mind or soul reacts upon the Will, and the strength of the latter increases in proportion as the other faculties are well developed and harmoniously related. And the condition of harmony is more important than separate strength.

If you are afflicted with either of the two diseases of the Will—which affect us all at times—if you execute too hastily or defer action until too late, turn the searchlight of analysis upon yourself.

Find the guilty negatives and get rid of them, work for unity in your personality, so that your whole mental, spiritual and physical personality will respond to the commands of your will, instantly.

Get your exercise out of your work, or you will derive very little benefit from it. You can't strengthen the Will by directly trying to, but by working earnestly and persistently in the substitution of positives for negatives, you will find that the Will automatically responds.

That is the whole secret of developing your power to choose.—*Business Philosopher.*



The Queerest Town In Canada.

By
John Bruce Cowan

"IT nestles picturesquely at the base of a towering, snow-crowned mountain," or, "it lies peacefully on a beautiful lake or splendid stream," describes comprehensively the appearance of many a British Columbia town. No such description befits Steveston, the principal salmon-canning centre on the Pacific coast. On the Fraser's bank, near where that mighty river enters the Gulf of Georgia, it lies huddled, in appearance much as though the sea had washed up many derelicts that assumed the shapes of canneries, the driftwood being the fishermen's shacks close in the rear.

"Queer" is not an uncomplimentary term to use in describing this Canadian Canton, this detached bit of a rickety, improvised, formless and void Chinese town at its worst.

HIDEOUS were more truthful, but hideous is harsh to one who has laughed at its incongruity, and been amazed at its industry. So it is just queer!

And queer it assuredly is, in every feature, yet it has an excuse to offer for existence, being an unsurpassed vantage point for fishermen and canners during the seven-weeks' salmon race up the river for spawning grounds. These few weeks are of much concern to myriad homes throughout the world, and to the forty canneries and their six thousand fishermen operating in or near this strange town.

A contrast to fishing villages in the Old Land—no landscape here to delight the artist's heart and employ his brush—Steveston, never-

theless, possesses an interest for the student of psychology, as well as for the merely curious, that makes it worthy a visit.

Situated about twelve miles from Vancouver on Lulu Island — an island of alluvium, formed by the main river and the north arm of the Fraser, a fertile farming and fruit-growing district, resembling much an Ontario farming section — the country for some miles back is prairie-like. Looking toward the Gulf, the rugged mountainous outline of Vancouver Island enveloped in grey haze in the distance, the view is more inspiring. Below sea level, dikes are a necessity on the island, Steveston being particularly well sunken. In keeping with the construction of everything else about there, the great heaves of mud from these dikes were left where thrown, giving it the appearance of a town permanently experiencing the installation of waterworks, or being eternally besieged. One is not impressed at first sight. Interest, however, is soon drawn to the inhabitants.

Taking them numerically, the Japs — swarthy, sturdy, undersized, swift-moving — are foremost; then come Chinese, Indians, Whites (including Canadians and Americans, Scandinavians, Italians and Greeks), and Hindus.

Great concern is expressed because the Japanese have superseded white fishermen on the Fraser. Underlying that concern is more sentiment than sense. It strikes one salmon-fishing is not a white man's job at best. The Japs have secured control of that work, have wrested the white man's "noble heritage" from him, just because he was more competent, more willing at any rate, to handle efficiently that class of work. The contrast is marked when conditions are studied at close range. Alert, energetic, always hustling about purposelessly, with his boats,

his nets, his food supplies for the night when ashore, he displays the same industry aloft. Contented, too, he appears to be, judging by the snatches of tuneless song one hears from him as he bustles about his work, jokes with his companions or romps with his children. White fishermen acknowledge him cleanly in everything, but say there is a discernible tendency in him to be over-hearing and unhelpful to his white or Indian fellow-workmen. There is little sentiment about the Jap, but he is healthy!

Bearing her part (the heavier part, maybe, considering the atmosphere she remains in!) is the Jap's diminutive, dark-haired, slant-eyed wife, she appears to be as industrious and contented as he. A plump, brown, ruddy-cheeked infant generation waddles plentifully about, coming fishermen or fishermen's wives considering how they thrive in the Steveston air.

While the Japs are principally engaged in fishing, the Chinese are employed in the canneries — work for which they appear better fitted. When the canneries are inoperative — the catch having been light, or during "close" hours — these languid, oily Celestials collect about the streets in noisy, gabbling, staring, gesticulating groups, or gather in their dens to drink and gamble. During the fishing season the undermanned police force has a strenuous time in attempting to curb the passion for gambling among the Chinese, as many as seventy of them being corralled in a single raid. The Chinese engaged in store-keeping shuffle lazily about their stores or stand in their doorways, more intent apparently on street doings than on business. Such a ludicrous situation as that occasioned by three tiny Chinamen attempting a flirtation with a demure Indian maiden I have seldom beheld.

Not so cleanly as the Japanese and



A TYPICAL VIEW OF THE FISHERMEN'S HOMES



HOUSES PROTRUDING OVER A DIKE

more indolent even than the Chinks, the Indian is a source of more amusement than either. Generally taciturn, but willing enough to converse if approached politely, the present-day representative of Canada's early, ingenious, crafty, ferocious redman, is a lazy, good-natured, much-tamed creature, inclined to laugh unnecessarily, to *pow-wow* and get drunk. Many Indians are engaged in salmon-fishing, following it, one judges, more from force of habit and as a pastime, than as a serious business, though they do not reject the remuneration! The Indian, though seemingly careless, has an eye to the main chance.

Politeness to his squaw or consideration for her appear to be undreamt of amongst the Steveston Indians — characteristics generally observable in all the race. The squaw doesn't pine, however, and die young. Not she! she seems rather to thrive on her treatment

and in defiance of all hygienic laws attains without difficulty the century mark. Groups of three or four of these old Kloothes, all looking to be at least one hundred, battered hats on grizzled, towseled heads, a jaundiced yellow, wrinkled like washboards, barefooted, and wearily shuffling about with the assistance of staffs, are seen in different parts of the town. Steveston is quite distinct in the possession of relics. In addition to the Kloothes are seen Indians, Japs and Chinese, painfully old, who assuredly lend color to the Darwinian theory. The labored articulation of the Indians and the splashes of color they affect in their dress (the brighter the more highly prized!) are features that amuse the visitor.

It cannot truthfully be said, in the words of a Kentucky colonel, that the white fishermen now found on the Fraser are "superior pussions, sir!" If they are typical of the class



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE APPROACHES TO THE HOUSES

who once controlled the river, no need to wonder why the Japs have now supremacy. A few of them were honest-looking and industrious, even superior to their work, but the majority were shiftless and drunken. Three of this latter class, indifferent and drunk, sat on the edge of a dike bemoaning the fact that their boat had been stolen, and they were unable to go out with the fleet. I was hailed as a "sky pilot" by the trio and invited to be sociable over a whisky bottle. It is good in that motley throng to see even that kind of a white face!

Bewhiskered, bright-eyed, gaudy-beturbaned Hindus are sometimes seen, though few of them are engaged in fishing (their aroma would indicate they dread the water!) and few are employed in the canneries.

John Ruskin would never have been moved by Steveston's habitations to write learned treatises on architecture; equally certain it is

his grim humor would have had ailing and exercise at the sight, the crude, low frame stores; the unsightly but capacious Chinese "apartment" houses; the fishermen's shacks—all speak plainly the exigencies of business for a migratory population. Houses of more pretentious bearing, which have withdrawn themselves from immediate contact with the waterfront, embowered in clematis and honeysuckle, and boast magnificent roses in their patches of garden, are seen here and there—welcome sight in that Sahara of shacks!

Steveston's liveliest aspect during fishing season is presented on Sundays. From midnight Friday until six o'clock Sunday evening the salmon have respite from the slaughter of the nets. Preparations for resuming work are extensive and interesting. Business is brisker than on week days, and many visitors from Vancouver are on hand to see the



SUNDAY MORNING ACTIVITY AMONG THE JAPS

fleet go out. The several thousand fishing boats scattered across the Fraser's generous mouth, each boat with a mast, resemble nothing so much as a forest of gaunt trees, and give an adequate idea of the extent of the industry. A gunshot is the signal for commencing operations. Impatiently the fishermen await it. When given, the scene instantly changes: The mast-forest becomes indescribably active as the nets are being thrown out, the multitude of floats striking the gunwales, making a report like a prolonged volley of musketry. It dies gradually to complete, almost painful, silence. A quarter of an hour later the visitor witnesses the gleaming of the fish harvest. Sockeyes and humpbacks are taken in about equal numbers; considering the fishing area each net secures what seems a profusion. The sockeyes are thrown into the "wells" for the canneries, and the humpbacks, oilless and valueless, are returned whence they come—often, in a spirit of fun, thrown into a close-cloying net. The congestion in the

river is soon relieved, the boats seeking "ampler fields" in the Gulf. An area of fifteen or twenty miles is covered. Unless the run has been exceptionally heavy, the fishermen remain out twenty-four hours, sleeping and eating when opportunity permits, one can imagine with what pleasure! It is not an uncommon thing in a good year during these few weeks for fishermen to make from \$500 to \$1,000; it must be conceded, however, that by hard, dirty work, and long vigils is it earned.

On the north arm and extending some distance past Steveston, are forty canneries, representing half the total number in the province. Each of these canneries represents an average investment of \$50,000 in land, buildings, machinery, boats, nets, scows, etc., approximately \$2,000,000 for Fraser river plants alone; over six thousand hands are employed to garner this salmon harvest, and a sum of not less than \$3,200,000 paid in wages, and for tinplate, power and light. And all within six or seven weeks!



IF ITS NECESSARY TO FIX THEM, WHY FIX THEM

Figuring it Out

By Edwin Dowley

Illustrated by Lester J. Ambrose



AGED INDIANS OF STEVESTON

"LOOK here, Dollenby, there's no other construction to it, this doesn't pay, and you know it!"

"I'm not saying it does."

The general manager jerked up with an undisguised expression of sourness.

"I'm not saying it does," repeated Dick, his eye meeting the other's meaningly.

"Now then, Dollenby," continued the manager, somewhat mollified in tone, "here's the situation." He picked up a paper with a condemning column of figures of Dick's sales and expenses, and continued:

"If you can't make the business pay the company, you cannot make it pay yourself. I have talked this over with you several times, as you are aware. I know you have your own ideas about selling, but I also have mine. Sometimes your ideas work, but sometimes

they don't. Being successful in a field molded after your own ideas doesn't prove that your ideas will be successful everywhere. A salesman must be pliable enough to accommodate himself to conditions as he finds them."

Dick said nothing. He was an experienced salesman, and he was irritated. The manager continued:

"Now this is the point," picking up a long printed paper, "here's a specification of wants from the Chinaway Transit Company; and I want that order!" The manager struck the paper with his hand to emphasize the want. "Do you understand, Dollenby? I want the order!" bending over, looking closely at Dick, partly menacing, partly coaxing. "That order will make things boom if we get it, and it's up to you to get it!"

Dick nodded, and agreed that it was.

The manager leaned back, assuming again his dignified bearing.

"You know, Dollenby," he continued insinuatingly, "a bit of commission is neither here nor there with us. If it's necessary to fix them, why, fix them! That's all there is to it. I'm not stingy about a present or two, and I lay no limit to what you pay, except common sense. You know what I mean."

"Yes, I know what you mean!"

"Very good!" interrupted the manager. "You have just twenty minutes to catch your train, and this time—Dollenby—you understand, of course, it's business."

Dollenby suddenly found himself outside the manager's office, scarcely comprehending how, so politely was the ejection accomplished. A slow crimson tinge mounted his forehead, but discipline saved the general manager.

Walking swiftly to the sample-room, Dick stopped at the entrance, his big, six feet three, nearly filling the doorway. Dropping his bag, he delivered a violent kick that sent the thing wobbling sideways, endways, to the centre of the room, a couple of samplers stepping smartly to escape the bolt.

"Whew!" from both of them.

"Fill it up with Chinaway samples!"

"Going down to sell 'em?" timidly from one.

"No," from Dick, savagely. "To buy 'em."

The samplers worked rapidly. Dick Dollenby in a tantrum. The idea silenced them.

The bag nicely packed, brushed and cleaned, was finally tendered gingerly to Dick.

Immediately, the old winning smile broke out. Patting one on the shoulder, "Thanks, old man." Then his hand to the other, "Thanks, son."

Years ago Dick Dollenby had possessed himself of a fund of that good-humored optimism that believes it can annihilate anything that bars the way

to progress. Now, things revolved so contrarily that Dick developed a suggestive temper. He indulged in a swear or two, and there was, to use his own words, "pure cussedness in things in general."

Dick had been summoned several times lately within the precincts of the inner sanctum, and there, as he put it, "made to walk the carpet" before the general manager of the house which had bid so high for his services, and he did not like it a bit.

Dollenby had always been rated high by his brother salesmen. His easy, non-combative, gently persuasive manner, bore with it some graceful mesmeric influence, finding an opening for him into the hearts of the most obstructive buyers. To-day, this winning optimism, this ingratiating personal influence seemed to have lost its charm.

Hurrying along to his train, Dollenby comprehended more fully the significance of that last remark of the general manager. It roused all the fight within him. What did he care for the general manager? He would sell goods for the pure love of selling them, and do it his own way, too.

Seaking into any company's establishment with a bribe for some subordinate to recommend his goods was repugnant to Dollenby's ideas. He did not graduate from that school. To attempt success along those lines would be folly. Yet, he thought, how much there was of this underhand business, and how was he to make returns unless he conducted his business along the lines by which buyers were the most easily accessible?

Then, he reflected, with some misgivings, his own way had not worked lately. The manager only gave him a hint. He even recalled he had permission—suggestion, to fix them. A savage delight suddenly evolved itself that he might easily fix a price, the recoil from which would compel even the general manager to wince; only to be as quickly rejected.

To sell the Chinaway Company, however, or rather, their bribe-seek-

ing dependants, Dollenby was determined. He would sell them once, no matter what it cost, and deal with his own house afterwards.

As the train sped along, he wondered why such a company as the Chinaway should tolerate such a system of buying. The chiefs were blind—or deaf, if they didn't know it. It was common talk with every road salesman.

Then he began to consider how he should approach a man with a bribe for his departmental business—a delicate under-taking, practised to a nicety by those who knew how.

He was still wondering how they did it when his train pulled into the depot.

The Chinaway Transit Company's establishment was a busy place. The very heart of immense development and many interests were potential. Even prestige was to be gained from the mere selling to such a concern.

Dick steered his way along the line of offices to the door of the Purchasing Department, arriving there on the minute for the appointment made by wire for a representative from his house.

The moment he handed in his card he found himself being ushered down past a long column of clerks, each of whom eyed him curiously, until he passed into the sanctum of the chief buyer.

Dick mentally noted with reserved expression the buyer's attitude. It was characteristically assumed to convey the impress. But he was a very busy man. He was actually seated on

a high stool, with his feet on a high rung, his face almost lost in the depths of papers on the desk before him.

The busy man turned quickly, put his hands on his knees, and eyed Dollenby suspiciously. He was at once the possessor of a little bald head, his face ornamented with a sharp peaked nose, and little beady eyes that looked out over his spectacles in a spirit of annihilation.

Dick, once again in the presence of an important subject for his skill, forgot any nervousness he might have acquired, and entered into the lion. Of securing a hearing with his wonted vigor and grace. He talked of many things in easy, fluent style; with genial interest, touching lightly on the main idea, then back again to things in general and on by interesting by-ways until his listener was actually led unconsciously, though not unwillingly, to the topic of the goods he had to sell.

Dick had him thoroughly interested, and taking quick advantage,

went on deftly to put forward the becoming points of his own peculiar brands. He pointed out consistently their excellent qualities, proved successfully their durability, satisfied the buyer on the price. With easy, unassuming courtesy his samples had been decorously introduced, and altogether, Dollenby got as good a hearing as any drummer could possibly desire.

Through it all, however, Dick instinctively experienced an air of something absolutely incongruous, as those little eyes looked into his—sometimes



LASTED A AMPLE

"HE WAS ACTUALLY SEATED ON A HIGH STOOL."

quizzical, sometimes suspicious, other times altogether beyond comprehension.

Finally, when there came the natural halt after all had been said, the little man angled his head a point lower, and again looked over the top of his spectacles.

"Well"—slowly and deliberately—"I believe all you say. You certainly have got it down well; but the point now is—what is there in it for me?"

"Beg your pardon?" queried Dick, rudely shocked at the very bluntness of the suggestion.

"Oh, now, Mr.—Mr.—(looking around for his card, and then finding it)—Dollenby, don't pretend you don't know what I mean. I say, what-is-there-in-it-for-me?" with a suggestive dig of the thumb at his right lung as he said for me. "I've made it easy for you; I didn't leave any thorny path for you to crawl up wondering how you were going to do it; I just gave you the cue right off the handle," and he stretched out his hands, slightly elevating the shoulders.

"As a matter of fact, I never thought of it," suggested Dick, mildly.

"Didn't you, indeed? Well, I won't hurry you," sneered the buyer.

"I have shown you honest guarantees for honest goods—fill your orders properly—make the price right—"

"Now, Dollenby," interrupted the buyer, "let us drop that to get over with it. You know well enough that buyers in concerns like this get a rake-off, and if they don't—so many more the fools. Neither you, nor the sellers, nor the powers that be of this or any other concern can prevent it. We're here alone and my word is as good as yours. If there isn't room in the price for a rake-off, chop it off the goods. I'm here to pass the stuff or condemn it, see?"

"I see," replied Dick.

"Well, here's a paper; sit down over there and figure it out; don't hurry yourself," suggestively.

Dick took the paper and sat down by the window. He looked out on

the busy crowds passing up and down in the great factory yard. Here in his grasp was an order that meant thousands to his house, dollars and restored prestige for himself. He had come to that house with a brilliant record. He was drawing a large salary. His record had gone back on him. To lose now was to lose all. He realized it was disastrous for a salesman to leave a house under a cloud. This order would retrieve everything. Why should he not have it? It only meant handing a bribe to this miserable buyer—yes, and cutting the honest goods he had talked about, to dishonest ones and cheating the people who were paying for them, to put something into this fellow's pocket. Still, that wasn't his affair, he had the authority of his house to do it—it need be only this once, then he could leave the house, his prestige retained. His whole future might be staked on this one order. He must have it. And yet—and yet—

Suddenly, some great resolve steadied him. Dick took up the paper, looked at it—hesitated, then stooped and hurriedly wrote upon it. He took it to the desk and laid it down before the man. "Not one cent." He turned on his stool and looked at Dick over his spectacles. Dick nodded his head assertively twice, dug his thumb into his right lung and said, "From me."

The buyer calmly turned to his work with admirable indifference.

Dick knew well enough the fellow could get what he wanted from other houses, and he knew that the fellow knew it. Yet, he was angry. He could have thrown the peaky-faced little sinner out the window, but he realized that it would be impolitic even to say a word. So he quietly packed his grip, turned to the man and said, "Good-day."

The man returned "Good-day" without looking up.

A couple of hours later Dick's composure was restored, and his illimit-

able good humor had returned. He could scarcely restrain a laugh now at the whole sorry business, but as for himself he was quite resolved.

Strolling over to the hotel telephone counter, he scratched off the following to his firm, "Send another man, can get order, please accept my resignation."

As he finished writing a boy came shooting along the corridor. "Mr. Dollenby! Mr. Dollenby!"

"All right, here you are," and Dick held out his hand for the note. It read: "The president of the Chinaway Transit Company wishes to see Mr. Dollenby immediately at his office."

"Hum," said Dick to himself, "wishes to see me—immediately, does he? Well, he can see me after I send this message—if I'm ready then."

On second thought he put the telegram in his pocket, and walked away to the office of the president.

When Dick was ushered into the president's office, after presenting his card, he encountered a small, wizened man with a bald head, a small, peaked nose, and beady eyes that looked at him over the top of his spectacles.

"Well, so you're back again, are you?"

"Looks a bit like it, doesn't it?" returned Dick, with his most engaging smile.

"What can I do for you now?"

"Fact is, I don't know that you can do anything. I got a little note a minute ago requesting me to come to see the president, and here I am."

"So you did, Dollenby. Sit down. I'm the president."

Dick closed his eyes tight for an instant, then opened them comically to look at the little man.

"It's all right, Dollenby. You're awake. Sit down. I sent for you." Dick began to get a glimmering of the play.

"Now, Dollenby, it's one on you, or it's one on me. I don't much care which; but I've found out a thing or two these last few days that has opened my eyes. It may not have been the least questionable way to find it out, but it was about the only way, and I did it. I became acquainted with a number of firms ready to figure it out differently from the way you did it, and I have my suspicions that your firm would have been with them if they hadn't sent you. Well, never mind that. This concern wants a buyer, Dollenby, and I have an idea, mark me, that a man who won't give a bribe, won't take one. Do you follow me?"

Dick hinted that he did.

"Are you open for an engagement?"

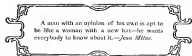
Dick slowly pulled the telegram he had written from his pocket, and the president read it.

"All right—that's fair." Then turning he wrote hurriedly on a piece of paper, and handed it to Dick, continuing, "That's what there is in it for you—from me," with a twinkle.

Dick looked at the paper. The amount nearly took his breath away.

"Is it a bargain?"

"Yes, sir."



A man with an opinion of his own is apt to be like a woman with a new hat—he wants everybody to know about it.—*Jean Mitton*.

Sir Sandford Fleming, the distinguished engineer who built the Canadian Pacific Railway, in describing the Hudson's Bay line's advantage, said to the writer of this article:

"Moose Factory on the margin of the bay has the same winter and summer temperature as Winnipeg and the average snowfall is less than half of that in Montreal and Quebec. In a

few years the British Government will possess in it a new seaport. Archangel, the Russian port, is on a parallel of latitude of thirteen and one-half degrees, or more than 900 miles farther north than Moose Factory, and it is a seaport of importance, with a dockyard and a prosperous shipping trade. Its population is not inferior to some of our Canadian cities."

A Beneficial Bank Guaranty Law

U. S. Senator, the Hon. Robert L. Owen, gives, in the Twentieth Century Magazine, a brief and concise explanation of a banking law in force in the State of Oklahoma, which possesses several advantages. This law "establishes a guaranty fund as an insurance fund to protect the depositors of the State Banks of Oklahoma. The fund is made up of contributions of each State Bank provided by an assessment against the capital stock of each bank and trust company equal to five per cent. of its average daily deposits, to be collected in twenty years. The assessments comprise one-fifth of the total, or one per cent, for the first year, and one-twentieth thereafter until the five per cent. assessment shall have been paid.

"It is a limited liability, therefore, even of the contributing banks, which thus establish a mutual insurance fund to safeguard their depositors.

"It involves no state liability to the depositor, except a faithful administration of the insurance fund provided by the banks. The value of this system is:

"First, it adds stability to the banks, and therefore to commerce in Oklahoma, by abating the fear of the more timid depositors. The timid class is thus encouraged not to make a run upon the banks or to hoard money drawn from the banks.

"Second, it has brought from hiding an unexpectedly large fund of currency by giving confidence to the most

timid classes of citizens, the State Bank deposits having increased over one hundred per cent in one year's time.

"Third, it has fulfilled every expectation under the most crucial test in the way of giving stability and peace to the state commerce.

"It has added greatly to the banking resources of the state, and, therefore, to the commercial prestige and power of the state. It has not encouraged reckless banking as its enemies prophesied; it has had the exact contrary effect. The bankers of the state participating in drawing the law drafted the law to prevent this very thing, by forbidding a high rate of interest to be paid for deposits; by forbidding a high rate of interest to be charged for loans (which would hazard the principal); by imposing a double liability on stockholders; by forbidding any bank officer from borrowing from the bank; by requiring a substantial reserve to be maintained, and other safeguards, well known to the banking world.

"The opposition of some of the central banks to this system has in no wise weakened it, but this system having brought into effect a large increase of banking capital has been actually beneficial to the opponents of the system itself. The failure of a state institution with three million dollars of deposit caused no panic in Oklahoma City because of the stability

which this system gave and the confidence it inspired.

"The defunct institution has been wound up within less than ninety

days and I am informed the guaranty fund will suffer no loss; the depositors paid in full and the state will suffer no loss."

A Protest Against the What to Eat Fads

An editorial writer in the Nation enters a strong protest against the habit of what he terms "gastronomic introspection," which is gaining such a hold on the average American.

"It is exasperating to the normally healthy man to be informed by some self-constituted authority what diet he must adopt. Yet such authorities and such diets confront one at every turn.

"The arguments advanced by enthusiasts in favor of their diets are often interesting, even when absurd. Pre-digestion is advocated on a presupposition, to wit, that the human stomach is no longer capable of performing its proper function--it degenerates the body where the spirit grows. Propagandists of raw food rest their case on man's descent: our simian ancestors could procure only raw foods, hence it must be the best form of nourishment for the human anthropoid. But why draw the line short of snakes and lizards, the true delicacies of the simian age? All these food concoits spring from two causes: first, a disordered digestion, without which no one ever experiments with foods--on himself; secondly, a little knowledge, worse than ignorance, of human physiology and anthropology.

"In the homo-simian period evolving man lived on raw vegetables; as his increasing intelligence made the capture of animals less difficult, his diet became more and more carnivorous, and he gradually discarded acrid roots and seeds from his bill of fare. It was not, however, until he learned the art of hunting and fishing and setting traps that meat assumed more importance than vegetables. During the ages that mark the transformation in human nourishment, the digestive func-

tions also underwent adaptive changes. With the decrease in the use of raw vegetable matter, for example, the power to digest uncooked starch was lost, because it was no longer essential; and doubtless many other functions were modified to meet food environment.

"The use of fire marked the final period in the evolution of the human dietary. Cooking not only rendered meats savory, but unlocked vast supplies of heretofore unavailable materials. Roots and seeds too hard even for strong teeth were rendered soft and palatable; and so, in time, it dawned upon the lord of creation that it was less laborious to make his women cultivate the soil and grow these edible roots than it was to hunt and trap. After the discovery of cookery, vegetables slowly superseded meat again, just as previous to that time the painful ascent through the anthropoid and homo-simian period is notable for a gradually increasing animal diet, which reached its height in the hunting stage when man was chiefly carnivorous.

"It appears, then, that we cannot arrive at a rational conception of perfect ailments by reasoning from what our forebears ate. Through the ages there has been a wonderful accommodation by man to his food supply, and this is perhaps not the smallest factor in his successful competition with other animals. This adaptability of the human digestion is not sufficiently taken into account. A common error is to regard the human diet as definite with an ideal suitable for every one, any deviation from which is either morbid or sinful. On the contrary, it is an individual affair; as there are various

types of intellect, so there are different types of digestive function. One may thrive on uncooked food. Another feels himself best when he eats no meat. If the chosen food suits the demands of his individual being, it is for him the ideal. And notwithstanding a stupendous amount of scientific research on the subject, we have no completely satisfactory way of estimating what an individual's nutritive demands really are.

"There is no food that is particularly adapted to repair worn-out brain cells or increase brawn. Sausage and black bread have furnished the nutriment for thinkers as stalwart as any that ever broke their fast or cereals and fruit. This suffices to disprove Savarin's 'Dismal ce que tu manges, je te dis ce que tu es.' There are, aside from salts and water, only three nutrient elements — proteins, fats, and carbohydrates—and these in different proportions occur in all food-stuffs, whether they be of animal or vegetable origin. So far as science knows to-day, there is not a special food for the man who exercises his wits and another for him who uses his muscles; at most it is a question of

quantity—the brain-worker needs less. The whole sum and substance of diet for the healthy man is "know thyself" and be temperate. Every man over thirty not a fool understands what foods agree with him; this is individual and obeys no law but idiosyncrasy. The common sin is to refuse to cease eating when one has had enough.

"The worst thing about fads when they encroach upon the festive board is that they kill all festivity and change what should be a pleasant occasion into something of almost funereal solemnity. The habit of introspection so engendered is at the base of many a deranged digestion. The normal man does not ponder the advisability of partaking of some toothsome dish unless it recalls unpleasant memories of a past experience. And who has not suffered at table, tormented with hunger and eager for the tardy roast which is delayed that his neighbor may have leisure to masticate and thoroughly insalivate his soup? Beneath our napkin our thumbs deride while we endeavor to see the funny side of life, and we say with wise Montaigne, 'I hate those remedies that importune more than sickness.'"

The Retirement of a Great Legal Physician

Some interesting sidelights on the life of Sir George Lewis, the great London lawyer, who has just retired from the active practice of the law, are given by a writer in the New York Herald. During the greater part of his career, Sir George has been a sort of legal physician. His business was rather to adjust social difficulties quietly than to recommend the public operation in the law courts. He made his successes, it may be said with truth, by cases that never came into court.

"The firm name of Lewis & Lewis will be continued, with the son of the retiring barrister, Mr. George James Graham Lewis, and Mr. Reginald

Ward Poole as partners. The old offices, in Ely Place, a quiet and somewhat backwater of Holborn, in the same house in which Sir George was born, in 1833, will be continued.

"The mere recital of the list of famous cases in which Sir George has been professionally engaged since his admission as a solicitor in 1856 epitomizes British legal criminal history for that long span of years. He is a living tomb of secrets. His first important case was the prosecution of the captain, first officer and insurance broker of the steamship Severn, charged with scuttling the ship. Counsel in that case were Sir J. B. Karslake, Sir Hardinge Giffard, now Lord Hals-

bury, and Mr. Montagu Williams. The insurance broker absconded, was traced to Switzerland, from where his extradition was obtained, and the three accused went to penal servitude.

"He was connected with the famous Beavo case. Mr. Bravo, a barrister, was found dying in his bed, and at the inquest an open verdict was returned. The man died from poisoning, but was it murder or was it suicide? Another coroner's inquiry was ordered by the Court of Queen's Bench, and it lasted a month. The late Sir John Holker, then Attorney-General, and Sir John Gorst, then Solicitor-General, represented the Crown. Sir Henry James, now Lord James of Hereford, appeared for Mrs. Bravo. Sir George, though that was long before he became a knight, appeared for the decedent. The jury returned a verdict of wilful murder, but declared that there was not sufficient evidence to say by whom it was committed, and that was the end of the case. It went into the list of London's unsolved mysteries, but while it lasted it created as much excitement as the Maybrick trial of later years, and newspapers sold at three to four times their face value.

"He acted for the defendants in the celebrated lacerat case in which Sir William Gordon-Cunning brought an action for slander against Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson, of Tranby Croft, and others in connection with a card playing scandal. The Prince of Wales (now King Edward) was called as a witness. After a trial of unusual piquancy the jury found for the defendants. In the case of the "Parnell Commission" Sir George acted for Mr. Parnell, and the Irish Nationalist party, in one of the longest judicial inquiries ever known. They had been accused by the Times of complicity in Irish crime. That investigation, which continued for fifteen months, involved in the legal ranks many men of prominence, including Sir Charles Russell, afterward Lord Chief Justice; Mr. H. H. Asquith, now Prime Minister, and Sir Richard Webster,



SIR GEORGE LEWIS, BT.
—The Spectator—

now Lord Chief Justice. The Irish members were acquitted of the conspiracy charge. Soon thereafter the late Mr. Gladstone recommended Mr. Lewis for the honor of knighthood, which was duly conferred by Queen Victoria. At the last coronation Sir George was raised to the dignity of a baronet, and in 1905 the King honored him with the C. V. O.

"Another action which aroused general interest was the divorce suit against Lady Colin Campbell, in which the late Duke of Marlborough and three other correspondents were cited. Lady Campbell, for whom Sir George appeared, won the case. The retiring barrister has been a constant advocate of legal reforms. He was uniting in his efforts in behalf of the Court of Criminal Appeal, which has established signal success, and the Usury Act,

the success of which has not been so marked. He was a pioneer in support of the act enabling prisoners to give evidence in their own behalf, and he has constantly urged reforms in the divorce laws.

It is stated on good authority that Sir George never kept a diary and that he will not write his reminiscences.

"No reminiscences for me," laughed this distinguished solicitor. "I haven't kept a diary for more than twenty-five years. When I found my business was becoming so confidential I determined that I would never chronicle another thing, even in a private diary. So when I die the confidences of London society will die with me. That's official."

In view of some things that have happened in the financial world of the United States it will be of interest to know that Sir George again laid emphasis upon an opinion expressed a few years ago relative to "mushroom financing" and the legal steps which

have been taken against that evil. As far back as the early '70's he had made a big name in connection with several banking prosecutions. He, therefore, spoke with authority when he asserted:

"It seems to me that fraud has been and is on the steady increase, both in volume and in scope. As the law tightens its grip, so the dishonest rascal exercises even greater ingenuity in his methods, and the result in the end is the same—the surplus money of many fools slides into the pockets of one wily and unscrupulous individual. There is an old Yankee 'saw' which says that a man who steals a nickel is a thief, but the man who steals a million dollars is a genius. Many of the huge fortunes which have been amassed by 'mushroom financiers' and promoters during the last decade have been built up on foundations of trickery, deceit and fraud, and if we examine the methods employed we find them little different from those of the race course thimble-rigger."

The Peaceful Revolution in Europe

The Outlook is publishing a series of articles on the progress of Industrial Democracy in Europe, written by Frederic C. Howe, which contain some remarkable statements and opinions. According to Mr. Howe, the nations of the continent, and Britain as well, are passing through a revolution quite "as colossal in its ultimate significance to the human race as was the French Revolution a century ago."

It is not revolution, however. It is industrial and social change. It is alive in England, Germany, France, and Italy; it is obvious in the despotic states of Denmark, Belgium, and Switzerland. It is not revolution, but evolution. It is not class war; it is class disintegration. Nowhere in Europe, unless it be in Russia and Spain, does the shaven Jew or the catting gun grimly suggest a revolution to turn the clock of Colorado, Idaho, Pittsburg, and elsewhere in this country. There are classes there as there are with us. They control political parties.

They resort to respectable corruption; they seek out of power to rob the unprotected by unjust taxation. All this is obvious in England, Germany, and Belgium. Everywhere the long-suffering and feudal class clings tenaciously to the existing privileges. Everywhere, too, the old feudal order is breaking out for support to the newly created business and financial interests. But everywhere the aristocracy, the nobility, and the self-satisfied assurance of a privileged age are passing away.

Mr. Howe illustrates what he means by a reference to conditions in the British Isles. The revolution began there after the election of 1905, when the Liberal party found itself in power once more, supported on the one hand by thirty members of the Independent Labor party and on the other hand by sixty advanced radicals. For a time the Ministry clung to its old Whig traditions and to the instincts of the trading classes. But, argued along by the radical element, it began

a programme of social reforms, which were only stopped by the repeated opposition of the Lords. Last year's budget was but one of a series of measures of a decidedly socialistic color, which were to have been introduced.

The lower in England is symbolic of a psychological condition which is universal. There is a point in Europe not unlike that of the French Revolution, which changed the face of society during the early years of the nineteenth century. The English Radicals protested against the visit of the Czar of Russia as a disgrace to the nation. So did the French Socialists. Members of the Labor party in England recently fraternized with the working people of Germany as an evidence of protest against the German fields of the Very press and statements. Anti-military protests and demonstrations have been held in France, Germany, and Spain. International congresses have been held in the long countries. It may seem chimerical, but it is within the bounds of possibility that within a score of years the governments of Europe will feel no impulse over the support of their people to any war, except one of resistance to aggression, that a movement towards disarmament will result. Certainly the thought and the reluctance of the benevolent hearted nations are strongly imbued with the idea that were there ever been issued by his barbaric men or by personal ambition, and not by the nation itself. To Socialism, with its 1,000,000 votes, must be awarded a large share of the credit for this peace movement which adds a new element to the war lords of Europe. The fear that they may be deserted by the nation and humiliated by their own people is already exercising a wholesome restraint on those who rule.

Germany has advanced further in the path of social reform than any other nation. Her cities have taken over the public utility corporations; they are building workmen's homes and encouraging co-operative associations to erect model apartment houses; they furnish emergency work during the winter months and hard times; they supply free meals to poor school-children, maintain labor registration offices, legal and medical dispensaries, model lodging-houses, and in a hundred ways look after the welfare of the poor. The cities have shifted the burden of taxation on to the well-to-do. The bulk of municipal taxes is taken from incomes. Now the cities are taxing the speculator on the profits which the growth of the commun-

ity makes possible. They are taking, on an average, nine per cent. of the land speculator's profit.

The fear of poverty, the accidents of industry, and old age are relieved by pension schemes. There are schemes for insurance against sickness and loss of work, as well as the most wonderful tuberculosis sanatoriums, convalescent homes, and hospitals upon which tens of millions of dollars have been spent.

The French Government is largely socialistic. The Premier and three members of the Ministry are socialists. It has pledged itself to a number of social reforms.

All over Europe the necessity of the Socialists is gathering. The parties of laborism, which were usually parties of the occasional and trading classes, are passing away. They had no ideals to offer and no traditional reverence to sustain their classes. Socialism, on the other hand, both as a party programme and a philosophy of life, is making good headway. Its methods differ in different countries. In Germany it will hold itself aloof from participation in legislation. It refuses to form conditions. It remains a militant class-conscious party with a definite working-class programme.

Its philosophy, however, has attracted the public consciousness and influenced ministers and legislation.

In England, France, Denmark, Belgium, and elsewhere the Socialists are appreciable. The Independent Labor party in Great Britain is Socialistic. It is, however, always ready to take the next step, so it is likely to work with the Liberal party, but like Oliver Twist, ever to say far more. In Belgium Socialism is making its way through the cities. A general election is to be held in May, 1910, when it is expected that the Socialist and Radical parties will control the ministry. Belgium is now in the hands of a Conservative party made up of large landowners and the Catholic Church. The party has been very reactionary. Education has been neglected and social legislation delayed. The programme of Socialism, of one vote for one man, of free public education, of old age pensions, of a reform in taxation, has allied to it an increasing number of business men and the educated classes.

City after city is falling under the control of the Socialists. Copenhagen has been a Socialist city for years. Many of the cities of Belgium are in control of the Socialists. The same is true in Italy. Two members of the Ministry in Switzerland are Socialists. In Austria the Government has been greatly assisted by the formation of a Socialist party, which is the only party not discredited by the wrong arrangements which surround the Empire.



THE MORGAN MEMORIAL BUILDING.

J. Pierpont Morgan's beautiful gift to Hartford, the city of his birth.

Harper's Weekly

[Mr. Morgan's Latest Gift to Art]

J. Pierpont Morgan's most recent art benefaction is described and illustrated in Harper's Weekly. This time it is not New York, but Hartford, the city of Mr. Morgan's birth, which has been favored. The Morgan Memorial Building, as it is called, has been erected as a memorial to the late Julius Spencer Morgan, father of the distinguished financier. The newly-completed structure is the western section of a building, which will ultimately comprise an art gallery and a sculptor's hall.

The exterior of the Morgan Memorial Building is of pink Tennessee marble, and the design is a modification of the Italian Renaissance style of architecture. It is of life-proof construction throughout, the amount of wood used in some of the window casings and in the cores of several of the doors being so small as to be entirely negligible. The heavy glass skylights are all reinforced with wire to prevent fracture from excessive heat or from firebrands should there chance to be a conflagration near by.

The gates at the entrance to the building are of wrought and cast bronze of a beautiful design and lead into a vestibule finished in Tennessee marble with insets of Grecian marble in the barrel vault. The name of Hartford and the famous Charter Oak are symbolized in the decoration of the tympanum over the entrance door. Throughout the structure the walls are a composite of three marbles harmonizing closely together—Tavernaile and Hanoverite from France and Italian Botticino German Parosia is used for the floor borders, the fescine being of Tennessee marble.

To the left of the entrance is a room containing exhibition cases of Circassian walnut in which are displayed the catalogues of Mr. Morgan's art collections. Opposite this room is the one devoted to pottery and natural history.

In his speech of acceptance at the dedication ceremonies, Mayor Hooker, of Hartford, referred to the statement of Everett Hale, that a man can get more out of life in Hartford than in any other city in the world.

"Our happiness and content exists because a large number of our people have

similar ideals, and so naturally they work in harmony, and the many have labored together with the one purpose of helping all. This Hartford spirit of service can be directly traced to the standards of value that we have adopted and on which our character has been built. The influences that form the character of a community must in the first place be personal; the achievements of great individuals moulding and directing the thought and action of the people. Hartford is fortunate in its inheritance and possession of a long line of thinkers, workers and builders who have given the spirit and inspiration of their lives to help us all upward and onward. To-day we mark another step in our process of development and advance. The gift of this beautiful memorial building to Hartford adds not alone to our material possession, great as that is, but it brings with it an increasing opportunity to learn more of art and beauty, and to make these influences mould our lives.

"The trustees have appointed me to express to our benefactor the thanks and appreciation of the city for this gift. Mr. Morgan, we all know that Hartford must be very dear to you, that our improvement and welfare are matters in which you take a real interest, as has

been so abundantly manifested by your many acts of kindness and generosity toward us. We in turn hold you in our hearts and minds as one of us, a Hartford man, and the city feels a pride in your every success, and appreciates the thought and spirit that have given us this building. Its beauty is admired by all, its value classes it as a princely gift, its memorial character adds to its dignity, and the city rejoices that one of her sons has not only erected a building, but has also built a name so worthy of honor and admiration. Hartford has ever been a goodly city, here men have lived and loved, toiled and striven, and have reaped the rewards of success in many fields of useful endeavor, and through the years they have found that life here was worth while and full of opportunity.

"This gift adds much to our possessions and possibilities, and as we now dedicate and open this building new influences and powers will go abroad among our people, leading them to a fuller appreciation of the beautiful and inspiring them to emulate the example of one who has given largely to enrich their lives, and who, through the achievements of his own life, has ever contributed to the betterment of the world."

The Manufacture of Spurious Old Masters

An interesting description of how "picture-fakers" carry on their business is to be found in *Wide World*, written by Chas. J. L. Clarke. Prices for genuine "old masters" have never ranged higher than they do to-day and in consequence the vogue for such pictures is so great, that the production and sale of counterfeit has become most attractive.

The making of many of these pictures is the work of men who have a considerable ability, but who have from some cause fallen into the hands of unscrupulous dealers, who are prepared to find a market for a supposed "old master." Many of the paintings are actual copies of parts of different canvases executed by the same master. A male figure from one picture is transplanted from another, and is combined into a creature to be subsequently "discovered" is made by the practiced connoisseur to contain all the elements and style even a fairly acute collector would look for, and all the shade of passing years has been added

by the cunning rogue it is no wonder that the more or less ignorant amateur is easily persuaded that he has at last met "the real thing."

The maker of spurious "old masters" has generally studied in most of the chief cities of the world, and is thoroughly conversant with the examples of the great masters' work hung in the national galleries of the leading nations, so that his "fake" may contain parts of pictures hanging in the galleries of, say, London, Paris, and Berlin. The deceived purchaser has this consolation: that, even if he has not bought a twenty-thousand-pound Titian for fifty, he has a clever creation by a man of considerable knowledge and skill, probably nearly worth nearly as much as he has paid for it.

The writer of the article was introduced in Paris by a friend to one of these manipulators, who was not at all ashamed of his business, holding that if the people wanted "old masters cheap," they might as well have them.

He was at work on a "Turner," which he expected would be "planted" on some wealthy English or American visitor.

It is not every one of the picture-faking fraternity who can finish a picture throughout himself, and there are in most cities men who make a special study of the signs of the masters of great artists, and the faithful following of the differences which existed in the signatures at various periods of the master's life. Others do nothing else but "see" pictures, while my friend told me that there is even a man in Paris who is a recognized expert at imitating with absolute exactitude the fly-marks which appear on every ancient canvas. My Parisian acquaintance had gone into entire sympathy with all the enthusiasm of a genuine artist, and had perfect copies which he had taken in the early days of his life as an art student of many famous pictures and signatures. Hence, as he explained with a touch of conceit, "I can sign my own pictures."

"I can put hundreds of years on to the life of a painting in many less hours," he exclaimed, "and it never want see I can give it to them. This is a quick-drying varnish I run over a new painting, so"—and a dull seal rolled evenly over the finished "Turner," which was carefully put on one side to dry.

"Many of my works of art are finished in frames complete, and of this little detail must be carried out with a deal of study if you hope to be successful with your picture. I have ancient frames wherever I can find them—these frames is out of my mind, but I think there is no reason why a picture a hundred years old should not be put in a modern frame, it really spoils the effect. This frame, for instance"—he pointed to another "treasure" and proceeded to rub a sooty mixture on the canvas with the palm of his hand—"is to my knowledge one hundred and thirty years old. Obviously it would be dangerous to frame a 'Turner' in that for it would made before he was born. But the picture I have in it, a lovely Rembrandt, might quite easily have been framed over a hundred years ago."

"I am always rather particular about the external appearance of my work, and I believe proper framing is a great art! One of my best sales was actually held by a time-worn gilt frame. A Devonshire man bought that picture. I remember. I suppose it is still shown to visitors to his estate, and as a matter of fact he made in Paris. It was an imitation of the work of your own Sir Philip Landseer, a shepherd and his dog. I was always very fond of his work, and if there is one thing I could excel at it

would be animal painting—but there, I paint, or rather copy, anything. It was just the thing to appeal to a countryman, and I framed it in an old frame made about 1820, just when Landseer was elected A.R.A., and before he exhibited his first Highland picture. Of course, my friend the dealer had all these facts at his fingers' ends, and suggested that it was probably a study which preceded his exhibited work. The sale was successful, and we got one hundred and twenty pounds for the 'find.' But it was really beautiful. I often tell myself—though perhaps you will think me conceited—that it was worth the money."

"Have you ever noticed the fly-marks on ancient canvases? Of course you have." Well, this is how my friend works. Forthwith this arch deceiver proceeded to load a still artist's brush with sepia and gum water, and then, standing a little way off, he gently let the bristles fly from his fingers one or two at a time. As he worked, they spoke began to appear in bunches on the face of the "faked" Rembrandt.

"Poor old fellow!" murmured the manipulator. "He little dreamed that his paintings would be prized as they are. Fancy the great Rembrandt being duped! But he was. Perhaps he would have done better as a 'picture-faker,' like me."

"This is my little oven," he went on, as he lit a gas-burner at the bottom of an iron box and put the "Turner" in. "You will see when it comes out how the paint is drawn and cracked, exactly as you see it on 'old masters.' But you need not wait; here is the final touch; this is one which can't be faked. Wait a minute while I trim it with my knife. You see the varnish leaves a little thread or two here and there across the cracks, but I cut them away—so. Now you see an old painting—all my own work. You would judge it to be quite old, wouldn't you?" he inquired, as he viewed his work from a distance. Really, the deception was perfect; anyone save an expert of the very first water would have been completely deceived. "How many can you do in a week?" I asked.

"It all depends," he said, mysteriously, "but enough to live comfortably at Fontenay-sur-Seine in a better style than I ever could by painting my own excursions. Yes, but the public what they force modern artists to do," he added, bitterly. "They will pay a hundred times more for a water sample of a dead artist's work than for the best of a living one's. Never mind, though; they will at any rate pay me fairly for my work while I am alive, although they don't know my name. Don't see, monsieur!"



A 6-HP AUTO BOAT

By courtesy of the motorist.

How to Select a Motor-Boat

WITH the near approach of the summer season, when outdoor amusements will once more take up the attention of all healthy-minded persons, the thoughts of many a man or boy will turn towards the motor boat, as a source of benefit and pleasure. The number of these boats in use is increasing year by year, and this summer will undoubtedly see a considerable addition to the ranks of motor boat owners. Purchases will have to be made, some by individuals who are familiar with motor boats, others by people who know very little about them. It is for the benefit of the latter class that Harold Whiting Slauson writes in *Recreation* on how to select the motor boat that will suit you.

Mr. Slauson points out that so many varieties of sizes and styles of motor boats are on the market to-day and all at about the same price, that a novice is in danger of buying a boat that he will find not just what he wanted, after he has used it for awhile. Accordingly he endeavors to present as clearly as possible the advantages and disadvantages of several models.

First, he refers to the light, speedy auto boat. "The racy lines, trim appearance and small cockpit in which no motor is visible unite to give evidence of a combination of speed, luxury and comfort which it is difficult to resist. These boats obtain their name from the facts that the power

plant is concealed under a front hood or long extension of the bow deck and that the direction and speed of the craft are generally controlled by a tilted steering wheel on which are placed the throttle and spark levers in much the same manner as on an ordinary motor car. The reverse lever is located near at hand and the entire boat is under the control of one man. Aft of the long bow deck and the operator's seat is the cockpit in which will be found cross seats or, as is more generally the case, several wider chairs in which the passengers may be carried. Many of these boats are provided with wind shields and sliding tops with detachable side curtains such as are found on automobiles, and the whole arrangement is a marine counterpart of the land vehicle from which it is named.

Such a craft, when properly designed and equipped, makes an ideal form of boat in which to take one's friends on a sight-seeing or pleasure trip for a few hours and furnishes a convenient means of rapid conveyance from one point to another on the water on which it is located."

The use of the auto boat, Mr. Slauson points out, is restricted almost entirely to short pleasure trips. It is not suited for rough or stormy weather or for extended cruising.

"The cruiser, on the other hand, possesses those qualities—seaworthiness and roominess—which are lacking in its more speedy sister. With



AN EXHIBITION TRIP UP A RIVER. Courtesy of Remondino

its cockpit extending nearly the entire length of the boat and enclosed in a hunting cabin which allows sufficient head room for a man to stand erect, this craft affords accommodations for three or four persons for an extended cruise, lasting an indefinite length of time, and appeals in many ways to the camper and the lover of the "roughing it" style of vacation. Aft of the cabin, a few feet of a stern deck may be pulled off and provided with chairs. The one-man type of control is used on these boats, the steering wheel and reverse, spark and throttle levers being located at the stern end of the cabin. The motor is generally installed in the rear compartment of the cabin, and is easy of access from the deck. All of these cruisers are provided with a galley and toilet and, considering the accommodations afforded, it hardly seems possible that such an outfit could be purchased for less than \$1,000, and yet such is the case. Of course, the extra outlay required for the cabin and fittings is deducted from the cost of the engine, and for this price, not more than six or seven horsepower should be expected. This will serve to drive the craft at a rate of seven or eight miles an hour, however, and as speed is not expected to be included with cruising comforts in a motor

boat, this size of engine should be found sufficient.

Although many of these cruisers are built with the "V-transom" stern such as is found on the majority of racers, the broad beam and added weight of the cabin make the attainment of high speed impossible, even with a motor of great horsepower. The very features, however, which reduce the speed make this class of boat the most seaworthy of any of the many forms of pleasure craft yet designed. The broad beam adds to the stability of the craft in a heavy sea, and the fact that the cabin floor is placed near the keel keeps the centre of gravity so low that the boat will not roll to any great extent. The enclosed cockpit prevents the entrance of water to the hull, even though the boat may be deluged with flying spray and curling waves. All things considered, a boat of this type is as staunch and safe a little craft as will be found on any waters.

But both the cruiser and the auto boat possess disadvantages for the man who wants to combine speed and roominess. Mr. Slauson thinks this combination is best found in the "family" boat. "Such a boat can be used as a one-man 'runabout,' a pleasure and sight-seeing craft accommodating from ten to twenty per-

sons or as a very good cruiser. Every inch of space is as available as in the cruiser, and yet the entire cockpit is open and the view unobstructed by any cabin or partitions."

"The craft, then, which should meet all the requirements of the average man and cost under \$1,000 is a strong, heavy boat equipped with a ten or twelve horsepower gasoline motor of either the two-cycle or four-cycle type. The original cost of the former would probably be less than that of the four-cycle motor, although on the other hand the gasoline consumption would be somewhat greater with the cheaper form of engine. The hull should measure about 30 feet in length by about six feet in beam. Either the torpedo, compromise or transom form of stern may be used, but the last named is preferable, as it furnishes more room for the storage of camping utensils, rope and the like. Furthermore, this design of stern has been found to prevent the 'drawing down' of the boat while under way better than any other, and for this reason it is used on the majority of racers—for this is an important consideration in the attainment of the highest speed.

"The motor may be placed either amidships or at the stern of the cockpit, but is probable that the former

location will give the better balance to the boat when under way and will prevent the stern from drawing under as mentioned above. Another advantage found in locating the motor amidships is the opportunity afforded to continue the side seats around the stern of the cockpit and thus make a roomy, comfortable seat in the place which is the pleasantest in the boat and which would otherwise be occupied by the power plant. These seats should be in the form of lockers covered with cork-filled cushions, and, when so arranged, many articles of clothing, food and boat supplies may be stored therein, out of sight and well protected from the sun, wind and spray. The cork cushions form excellent life-preservers and should be made to fit the top of the lockers, or seats—but should not be fastened in place. This last is important, for should the boat be overturned or sink, the cushions will float on the water if they are left free on the seats.

"The lockers should not extend the entire available length of the hull, as it is better to leave the forward third or half of the cockpit free for the use of wicker chairs. There will be room for five or six of these forward of the motor, and in this respect this type of craft is as pleasant and comfortable as the auto boat. The gaso-



A WELL-EQUIPPED CRUISER

ag courtesy of Remondino

line tank, anchor and anchor rope may be carried under the forward deck, and the rudder cable should be so arranged that the boat can be steered from the bow and from a wheel located within easy reach of the operator. With the reverse, throttle and spark levers and steering wheel located on or near the motor, this boat is very easy for one man to handle—another respect in which it resembles the autoboot. A boat, built on good lines and of the specifications mentioned above, should be able to maintain a speed of ten or twelve miles an hour. The dimensions and weight of the hull make it a good rough water boat, and if properly designed with sufficient "flare" at the bow and high enough freeboard, it will be found to be "dry" as well as safe. A boat of this size could probably seat fifteen or twenty persons and would have sufficient power to tow several skiffs as well with scarcely any noticeable reduction in speed."

Business Success and Failure

The tradition that ninety-five per cent. of the men who enter business life ultimately fail is convincingly disproved by Frank Green in the *Century Magazine*. In fact, he says, Bradstreet's, as a result of over a quarter of a century's experience and research, has found that in no one year has the commercial death-rate exceeded one and one-half per cent. of the number then in business, and in thirteen out of the last twenty-eight years the death-rate has fallen below one per cent.

Last years of experience have demonstrated to the makers after the underlying causes of business failure the fact that, generally speaking, four-fifths of all failures are due to faults inherent in the person, while about one-fifth are due to causes outside and beyond his own control. This proportion varies slightly in some years of stress, but on the whole the percentages are so constant that in themselves they constitute a virtual guarantee of statistical accuracy. Under the head of faults due to the subject himself the following causes are grouped in Bradstreet's:

Incompetence (irrespective of other causes)
Inexperience (without other incompetence)
Lack of capital
Excessive grant of credits
Speculations (outside regular business)
Neglect of business (due to doubtful habits)
Personal extravagance
Prejudicial disposition of property

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On the other hand, the following causes are classed as not proceeding from the faults of those failing:

Specific conditions (disaster, panic, etc.)
Fatuities of others (of apparently solvent debtors)
Competition

In 1908, 71.5 per cent. of the 14,944 individuals, firms, and corporations failing with assets insufficient to liquidate all claims were attributed to faults inherent within themselves. This left 28.5 per cent. of the failures to be charged to causes outside of the control of the failing traders. This was a true but the average, which may be attributed to the exceptionally depressed conditions in the year following the panic of 1907. However, these returns undoubtedly throw the burden of the blame for a majority of the failures upon the unsuccessful themselves, and are interesting as showing that even in a year like 1908 the cause of non-success lay more largely with the trader than with his environment. In other words, the cool, disinterested judgment of thousands of investigators shows that success or failure largely lies with the person himself rather than with outside conditions. For the purpose of eliminating all cause of error, however, it is perhaps best to take the average of the causes over a period of years, and in the following table will be found arranged the results of the average of the last eight years referred to a proportion of so many failures per 100 of those succumbing to their own weaknesses or to the operations of outside influences.

Due to the individual	Per 100
Lack of capital	15
Incompetence	28
Fraud	10
Inexperience	6

Unwise credits	3
Neglect	1
Extravagance	1
Speculation	1
	79
espote the individual	Per 100
Specific conditions	17
Fatuities of others	8
Competition	3
	31

Here it will be seen that seventy-nine per cent. of every hundred failures—not a rifle shot but four-fifths—were attributable to the unsuccessful ones themselves, and only twenty-one, or about one-fifth, were beyond their control. Chief of the causes attributable to the bankrupts themselves was lack of capital which claimed one-third of all the casualties, a due either to insufficiency of capital, or what amounts to the same thing, to refuse to do too large a business on too small a margin of real capital. This is a cause essentially inherent in the man, though it is apparently susceptible from the conduct of business in a comparatively new country, where characterless boards and the sanguine temperament attract disaster.

The next cause also essentially inherent in the man, was lack of proper business training, which claimed one-eighth, or other causes which claimed seventeen out of every hundred, or about one-fifth of all commercial deaths. "Inside faults" with this cause is here-fore with the rest of every hundred causes. Third in the list of causes was the main outside disturbance, failure, or specific conditions, which accounts for only seventeen out of every hundred failures. Prevalent destruction of property or capital, the fourth most alarming cause of failure, claimed ten out of every hundred, a proportion slightly lower than in recent years, which may be taken to indicate that many concerns choose their place of stress as shown for crowded dealing with their creditors.

As for minor causes of failure, such as unwise grant of credits, failure of others, extravagance, and speculation, there is little to be said. It might be well to note, however, that speculation by itself is not classed as a very important cause of failure. That speculation within the trader's own business is a harmful influence is probably true, but the falling down of the cause here is not possible, and the bulk of the damage caused by "inside speculation" is probably covered by lack of capital.

Not is the item of excessive or undue competition as productive of disaster as

popular impressions would seem to render probable, despite the talk of the grinding effect of the competition of large corporations with small traders. Intemperance, gambling habits, and the smaller vices which prey upon human and business natures are virtually grouped under the head of neglect, and are sufficiently small.

On the other hand the constancy of the percentages indicating that ten per cent. of all business failures are credited to fraud is possibly disconcerting. When, however, the survey life of every important maker after credit is recorded in a credit institution's files and what is lost as important—intentionally utilized—the tendency is certain to cut down what the fire insurance men call the "moral hazard" involved in giving credit to unworthy seekers of the outside business community's potential capital. The credit-reporting agency does a public service when it avails out the nature and extent of this desertion from the path of honesty or shrewdness because it sets up a warning of demerit-which the merchant man may learn to watch for and in heed to the fact that the business life of the honest portion of the community may thereby be safeguarded.

The grouping of these statistics of course lies in their practical application to the affairs of business life. Business life is safer because of increased safety, improved methods of communication and transportation, a more efficient and substantial currency system, and a better knowledge of the underlying causes of non-success. It can be made still safer by greater connection on the part of business men with credit institutions, in general, and by more stringent laws defining responsibility for false statements. Furthermore, it may be said that as lack of capital is the chief cause of failure, and that ninety-one per cent. of all these failures have not more than \$5,000 capital, an indispensable requisite for entry into business life is adequate capital. But this is not the only requisite. The waste of one-fifth of the men who succumb to their own faults or their incompetence speaks loudly for improved methods of commercial and technical education. The moral hazards of speculation, such as impatient habits, extravagance, and fraud, make up nearly one-sixth of all the losses. When the business community finally wakes up to the knowledge that business failure, like fire damage, is largely preventable, and that these two items, false ideas and fire loss, constitute heavy taxes on the whole community, swifter progress will tend to be made in reducing the burdens of losses which the business community and, through it, the country at large must bear.

The Housekeeper and the Rising Cost of Living

The *Review of Reviews* devotes considerable space in its last number to the rising cost of living. Agnes C. Lant provides some figures, which if they do not alarm the reader, at least make him pause to think. She shows that with but two or three exceptions, prices are higher to-day in America than they have ever been in war time and yet the country has never been so prosperous.

When you come to consider prices for food,—essential food, not luxuries,—the scale of increase is one to alarm the man of moderate means. Bacon stood at 18 cents in 1909. In 1914 it is 25 cents. The increase dips a hand into the householder's pocket every time a pound is purchased and extracts 7 cents. Suppose the man cannot afford that extra 7 cents—what does he do under these high prices? He buys just that fraction of a pound less than last year; and the average size of the average family being computed at five as it is in all calculations, each of those five eats just that fraction less of necessary nourishment than last year. A year ago him in New York was 15 cents. Now it is 28, and the buyer must pay 13 per cent. more or eat 33 per cent. less. Is it surprising that the Russell Sage investigations of the poor prove that just as exactly as income decreases or prices increase, the poor eat just as exactly that proportion less of the food most needed to make muscle and brain,—namely, meat?

In New York City in 1909, according to prices current as reported in trade journals, you could buy a porker for 24 or 25 cents, now it is 28 and 39 or a strain for 20, now it is 24; or a round steak for 18, now it is 20; or corned beef for 14, now it is 16. Salt pork three years ago cost from \$16 to \$18 a barrel. Now it is \$25 to \$28. Lard represents an advance of 60 per cent., pork 15 per cent., poultry from 90 to 100 per cent. in the past year. Have salaries advanced at the same pace, from 15 to 40 per cent.? Not that we have heard! Imagine the outcry and the stoppage of industry if wage-earners demanded what the increase in the cost of living demands of them!

Over the period from 1900 to 1909 prices have been increased from 20

to 100 per cent. in the various necessities of life.

It has been figured out over and over by practical workers that where income ranges from \$500 to \$900, the present prices 30 per cent. must go with a family of five for food,—that is, of the larger income \$450 goes for food. Of the total income of \$900 \$450 has gone for food and food, leaving only \$450 for clothing, illness, fuel, carfare, education, insurance, incidentals. Now it is also figured out at present prices that \$100 is the absolute minimum of which a family of five can be clothed. I may say I do not believe that figure myself, unless the smaller members of the family spend most of their time in bed. That leaves \$50 for illness, fuel, carfare, insurance, education, and such very important and to-be-expected incidentals as a visit from the doctor.

The Russell Sage Foundation, which has investigated the matter shows that as the income goes down or cost of living increases, the use of meat decreases, the proportion of dark rooms increases and child labor increases.

Professor Walter E. Clark examines five of the alleged causes for the steady rise in the cost of living.

The leading manufacturer guesses that the trade union, curtailing output and compelling higher wages, is the cause; or he attributes up a handful of causes in his phrase "increasing cost of production." The laboring man guesses that giant trusts are deflating rising price schedules. The trust magnate blames farmers' combinations and increasing raw material cost. The farmer guesses short crops and exhaustion of free lands. The politician blames the tariff. The railroad president and the agriculture official charge scientific American farm cultivation. The middle-class sees rising prices as the sinister shadow of needless extravagance, of riotous living, or of misquoting speculation. The business man points to industrial and trade activity. The publicist notes the great world growth of population; the psychologist emphasizes the rising standards of consumption and the boyant hopefulness, causing the American to spend freely; the economist mathematically demonstrates his one best cause,

the phenomenal increase in the world's gold supply.

Professor Clark comes to the conclusion that the increasing gold supply alone explains satisfactorily the general and the universal advance in prices.

If gold be greatly increased, unless the demand for it increases just as rapidly, it will become less valuable just as strawberries grow less valuable as the red boxes pour in with the advancing season.

There is this marked difference, however, between the cheapening of gold and the cheapening of any other thing. When gold cheapens, the money medium of the world cheapens. This means that it will take more of it to buy given amounts of other things. But this is only another way of saying that the prices of other things rise. An increase then in the amount of gold, out-running the increasing demand for it, causes a general rise in prices.

The world is now experiencing a general rise in prices. They are rising in free-trade Britain and in protectionist Germany. They are rising in sparsely settled Maine districts, which have been steadily losing population since the Civil War, and they are rising in congested New York. They are rising in the products of the uncombined farmers more rapidly in most cases than in the products of the great industrial trusts. They are rising in the case of bonds and stocks almost as rapidly as in the case of new buildings, though the boot and shoemaker's union is ineffective as to wage determination, while the building trades have possible union power. The rise is general as to goods and universal as to geography.

Accidental, local, partial causes do not satisfactorily explain such a case. There must be some general cause for so general an event. That general cause

is, the increase of the world's money medium.

Other causes explain differentials. They make clear why the advance in the prices of a few goods has gone far ahead of the average advance. However, causes serve to explain why the prices of a few other goods have lagged far behind the average price advance. The increasing gold supply alone explains satisfactorily the general and the universal advance in prices.

Finally, the professor arrives at two interesting conclusions, which throw a brighter light on the situation.

(1) The rise in prices is inevitable until gold-producing conditions change. The nation and the world might as well meet their inevitable cheerfully. At least they can save their tempers and their time by not squandering concentration on these accounts for troops, trade unions, tariffs and other mistakenly alleged causes for rising prices.

(2) The general price rise has its distinctly cheerful side. In the United States this has been the farmers' decade. Instead of toiling sedulously to meet mortgage interest, the farmer has framed his mortgage as a memento of past hardships. He crowds the bank vaults of the villages and he pays cash for his automobiles. Farmers comprise nearly one-half the nation. Prosperity for the farmers then is cheery.

Further, general business thrives. An era of rising prices always encourages ventures and fosters development. Such an era stimulates rapid accumulation of fixed capital. This is well illustrated by the grand total of \$19,635,533,145, individual deposits in banks of the United States, as reported in the just issued report of the Comptroller of the Currency for 1909. Swift prosperity re-acted from our late panic has come largely because the fundamental tendency is toward rising prices. The silver lining of the cloud of rising prices is worthy of much consideration.

Some Marvellous Things About Men

A writer, who evidently delights in figuring out curious results, has compiled some extraordinary figures about the human being, which are printed in the *London Magazine*. Starting out with an average man and an average lifetime, he figures out that in his life a man walks 145,000 miles or the

equivalent of circling the globe nearly six times.

"This is not more remarkable than an amazing fact which I had brought home to me one day, and which really caused me to probe the marvellous accomplishments of the average man to their real depths. I felt rather tired

after a day's work amongst the lofty buildings which are growing up in our great City of London, and it occurred to me that perhaps there was some reason for 'that tired feeling' about which we read so much in the patent medicine advertisements; so I made a rapid calculation of the approximate number of stairs I had climbed during the day, and found that I had mounted some nine hundred steps and descended a like number. I hardly could not find it in my heart to condemn even marvellous man in such an undertaking each day, but if I let him off with three million stairs he certainly will have availed himself of all the advantages of modern lifts for this apparently amazing total only calls for a climb of a little over a hundred and sixty-one stairs each day, a number which I am quite convinced is generally exceeded.

"These are only a couple of roughly selected details of man's wonderful lifetime accomplishments. If he does untold work and endures such startling physical efforts he must, of course, derive his energy from somewhere. He does! He consumes a trifling matter of sixteen tons five hundredweights and one hundred pounds of bread, to begin with; and, not satisfied by any means with even that Titanic loaf, which would form a crushing load for the most powerful traction-engine ever built, he doggedly masticates in small portions from day to day a farmyard of leviathan animals which would horrify him if he could roll them into single examples of their kind. Supposing we allowed an average man only one pound of flesh per day, we are providing eighteen bullocks, six pigs, and a dozen sheep for his lifetime consumption.

"If I really wanted to provide some astounding figures of the marvels of men, I could take examples of individuals who far exceeded the quantities I have mentioned; and in an even greater degree I could swell the ocean of liquid which is composed of the countless small quantities which

an ordinary person takes in the course of a lifetime, but selecting a thirsty soul to form my 'horrible example.' Few people would lay claim to drinking less than a couple of quarts of liquid each day; and if they followed the extraordinary idea of a certain genius, who at meal-times kept a great bowl by his side, and for every portion of food and drink he took, emptied a similar portion into this receptacle, just to see the kind of mixture he was endeavoring to assimilate, they would require a good-sized bath to hold the liquid consumed during their life, for the total works out at some 9,125 gallons.

"With a fashion and feeling as it is at the present day, I would rather not even endeavor to calculate the trousers, coats, shirts, and other articles in which we clothe ourselves; for while one man will be reasonably content with one suit of clothes a year, another, who is a mysterious 'something in the City,' will require at least four times the quantity to appear before the eyes of his neighbor as he would like to do. Overcoats, though, are rather more constant, and the differences are not so great, so that I feel on fairly safe ground in estimating the number of these which a man will wear. Certainly enough to stock a fair-sized tailor's shop. There will be no less than twenty-two overcoats required to keep out the rigors of our climate during a man's lifetime; and these make quite a lengthy row if hung one beside another, as shown in our illustration.

"How many pairs of boots did you have last year? You couldn't possibly have done with less than a couple of pairs, could you? Very well. If you take that as a fair example, you will, if not cut down in the flower of your youth, have worn not only enough boots to put your feet into, but enough, if combined into one great boot, to comfortably live in, your quaint residence being some twelve to fifteen feet in height at its tallest part.

"Hat—men's hats I mean, for our dear sisters would vigorously dispute

even the most astounding figures I could think of in connection with their marvellous headgear—tell the same tale. Collectively, a man wears an enormous hat in the course of his life, one which would quite easily hold a goodly sized elephant; and it leaves a pretty problem for anyone more fond of figures than I am to calculate out the number of rabbits which gave up their fur to make the felt for this gigantic hat.

"Your half-ounces of favorite mixture assume giant proportions during the years you smilingly acknowledge that you are an inveterate smoker. You could nearly buy a house with the money you spend on the fragrant weed; or if you used up the amount in the present old-age pension of five shillings a week you would be provided for nearly twelve years, entirely apart from interest on your money. Perhaps it is as well not to count the cost of most things, or the frugal-minded men would cut off many little luxuries which they feel justified in enjoying.

"No wonder the bald man feels more or less ashamed of himself. He really ought to feel a little inferior to his brother man from whose head a stream of hair flows which is quite horrifying in its abundance. Of course, if left to its own devices the human hair seldom exceeds six feet in length, but if we 'cut and come

again' the hairdresser will certainly cut off half an inch a month; and if he keeps this rate of clipping up as long as we live we shall have covered his floor with twenty-five feet of hair, which one might be excused for looking on collectively as a bit of a bore.

"I have no desire to ruin the trade of the country, or I would work out for my readers the cost of a number of things the average man cheerfully pays for in small daily and weekly sums, but if I take the hairdresser alone I can show him as a very expensive man to us indeed.

"To remove our surplus hair from our head alone he charges as some ten pounds, or nearly ten shillings a foot, for cutting, while I will not expose him too unmercifully by calculating how much a foot it costs to scrape the beard from our manly chins.

"Without doubt man is a marvel! No wonder he has to work nearly a hundred and fifty thousand hours to get money enough to satisfy the craving for food, drink, clothes, and luxury made by his marvellous body, which would be almost as hard to find as the proverbial 'needle in a haystack' if cast in among the enormous quantities of material which he disposes of in the course of an average lifetime."

The Unwisdom of Worry and Its Remedies

While magazine readers have been saturated of late years with articles on Worry, yet it would seem that they never grow tired of this theme and are always ready to read about it and to learn how to remedy its evil influences. This is our excuse for referring to Dr. Woods Hutchinson's article on this subject in *Mansey's Magazine*, for in this particular article he seems to have summarized and ex-

plained the disease very thoroughly. Dr. Hutchinson begins with tracing worry to its cause and this he finds in an inconsiderate treatment of the body. If a human being would treat his body as well and as considerately as a farmer does his horses, with regular hours for meals, with which no stress of work is allowed to interfere; regular sleep, regular grooming, and plenty of all three, we should hear lit-

tie of worry and sleeplessness and neuroasthenia, and get just as much real work done.

Worry, in fact, is often a symptom of trouble that a man. A perfectly healthy human mind will feel, will reason, and will exert his strength, will not worry. It is only the diseased liver that "poisonize" digestion." A perfectly healthy man does not know he has such a thing as a digestion. A dyspeptic does not know that he has anything else.

Life, as a whole, is composed of at least two parts of happiness and machine to eat of suffering and gloom. The healthy mind sees it in its normal proportions. When the ten per cent. of discomfort begins to bulk larger in the consciousness than the ninety per cent. of comfort, it is a sign of disease, as well as a fruitful cause of more disease.

Don't worry yourself for worrying unnecessarily, or for waiting to cross bridges before you come to them. Don't look ahead about to find where you are stumbling; that fatalistic, devoted slave of your body. You will actually find that you have given him good ground for revolt and for forcing your imagination to play punished tricks with you, by overwork, by underfeeding, by lack of sleep, and, not the least important, by lack of play, that liberal recreation, without an abundance of which no life can be kept sound and even.

Fatigue, Dr. Hutchinson points out, is not produced by absolute exhaustion, but by the presence in the blood of more or less definite poisonous chemical products of the activities of our muscles and nerves. In order to restore a fatigued muscle it is not necessary to build up anew its exhausted strength, but simply to wash its fatigue poisons out of it. For this there are two great agencies—rest and change of work.

When we are tired out all over the only remedy is sleep. But often when we worry, we are not tired at all in the greater part of our brain and of our body, but simply sick and weary in some distant and insignificant corner of our mind, from doing some monotonous little thing over and over again, until we are ready to choke. It is then that variety should be introduced. Intelligent recreation, interests outside of the daily grind, changes of scene are necessities of life.

Whatever our individual possibilities may be, we are not getting the

best out of them by overdriving ourselves.

If you find that you are overdriving yourself, that you are taking your work home with you, that you can't get your mind set at it, that you begin to doubt your ability to get through with it, pull yourself together and take stock! If the work in its intensity is too much for you, try to change it, secure other field of activity better adapted to your powers, or get back to the well. If you're a misfit, a round peg in a square hole, don't be too proud to recognize your mistake. A change, and work that fits your hand, over works all the difference between constant friction and ultimate failure, on the one hand, and ever-increasing efficiency and ease on the other.

If, as will often be the case, you have got into a bad or wasteful way of doing your work, think over the situation. Get a short vacation, if you can, to change the taste in your mouth, no matter where you go; then plan your day so as to get plenty of time for your meals and digestion afterward, and plenty of sleep. Do some part of your work as a holiday, as religiously as you do your work-days; let nothing interfere with your play and your hours in the country.

In short, plan to put and keep yourself in condition to do the largest amount of work of which you are capable, in the shortest practicable time. The beauty of this method of work is that your capacity, instead of diminishing under it, is steadily increasing, and your task becomes easier for you instead of harder, set merely up to forty years of age, but up to sixty or sixty-five.

Dr. Hutchinson concludes with a plea for the housewife.

I think that few men adequately realize the daily monotony and tedious trivial agonies of work of the men and their wives and children and daughters. They themselves have their business interests, their daily contact with all sorts and conditions of men, their trips to purchase goods and raw material, to visit customers, to attend their national and State associations. The town or section of the city in which they live has been selected as the best or most available place for the promotion of their business, but it may be anything but ideal as a place to make a home, or to conduct a society and household companionships and surroundings for their wives and children.

The average American man is devotedly kind and even generous to his wife and family, but he often fails to understand how a home, which is to be a delightful place to rest and refresh himself for the next struggle of life outside, may become a place of daily monotony to be tied up in all day long by an unrelenting round of duties, the art result and highest achievement of years of unending work being simply to keep the household led, the dishes washed and clean, and the carpets and curtains respectable.

Particularly is this the case when the mother where the bread has been earned and the children are

constantly started for themselves in life. The man's business and work start early and interest him. He is still anxious about the future and enjoying the moment of the past. His wife, on the other hand, is apt to feel, after the strain of motherhood and the responsibilities of the upbringing of the family are over, that the best of her life-interests has, for a time at least, gone out. The routine of household existence begins to grow upon her. She begins to worry, to dread, to lose her appetite, to develop symptoms of illness, real or imaginary.

She needs a device to get out of the house

for a few months, to see something of the great world outside of her own, to get a good grip on life, which will enable her to transfer to the world as large the citizens and the new which have been concentrated upon her children. Whenever possible to begin to worry, buy the tickets and tell her to look up for a trip to the great day, to the country, to Europe, to the South, to the sports season, to some art exhibition or convention—any of these is better than a vacation, and only save months of dragging and dragging at home.

Automobiles for Average Incomes

C. F. Carter, writing in *Outing Magazine*, thinks he begins to see signs of the disappearance of all prejudice against the automobile. It took years to remove popular apprehension about the railroad, and later on the trolley car was the subject of prefervid reanimations of condemnation for some years.

In 1919 approximately 150,000 American citizens will part with their antipathy to automobiles and become the worst, because the sweetest, of motor maniacs. The only reason a greater number will not undergo this metamorphosis is not because the people cannot raise more than the two hundred million dollars they will have to pay for this number of cars, but solely because the manufacturers cannot assemble the men, machinery and material to build more than a hundred and fifty thousand. They will try to do better.

It is only fair to say in this connection that, in addition to the hundred and fifty thousand converts of 1919 and the one hundred and fifty thousand who owned cars at the beginning of the year, approximately three million more cars will crowd the shell of prejudice preparatory to becoming recruits for the ever-growing army of automobile owners. For a new car in the neighborhood spreads its invitations here with all the certainty with which a case of measles goes through a boarding school. Whatever he may say for public consumption, the average man's real grievance against the automobile is that he doesn't own it.

Realizing this great truth, the crafty manufacturers are building only enough 151,000 cars to relieve the suffering of those who cannot get their money fast enough and are concentrating all their energies on the endless task of

supplying the needs of the average man. The present year marks the real beginning of the era of the low-priced car, which, as the dealers understand the term, is one that calls for less than two thousand dollars.

Freely how much less depends upon the individual purchaser, his bank account, and the service required of the car. The average selling price of the hundred and fifty thousand cars built in 1919 will be \$1,200, though there is every indication that the cars selling below that will be in considerable demand.

Mr. Carter gives some interesting figures as to cost of running a car.

One owner of a \$2,500 car, who kept a careful account of his expenses for thirty months, during which time he averaged a thousand miles a month, found that his outlay for tires was five cents a mile; for gasoline 3.7 cents per mile; for incidentals .09 cents per mile; total 7.76 cents per mile, or, adding garage charges and chauffeur's salary, \$2,360 a year. Another man having the same general type of car found his total expenses footed up 33 cents a mile.

On the other hand there is the case of T. J. Brown, a farmer near Denver, Colorado, who found the expense of running a 28 horse-power touring car eighteen months at an average of 35 miles a day totaled 8 cents a mile. He found that the cost of gasoline, oil, and batteries amounted to \$12 a month, as compared with \$35 for the cost of feeding two horses the same length of time. For the whole period his automobile cost him \$1,138, including depreciation, or difference between buying and selling prices, while the cost of a team and carriage for the same time would have been \$1,360, or \$222 more.

The owner of a light car who knew how to run it and take care of it found

that the cost did not exceed twenty dollars a month. A California farmer of a similar age who had formerly kept a house at an outlay of a hundred dollars a year for feed alone, to which must be added \$2 a month for shoeing, besides the expense of repairs to harness and carriage, found he could get a great deal more service out of a little automobile at an outlay of \$250 a month. He could take a ride of thirty-five miles for 40 cents, and he never had to feed the car when it wasn't working.

The manufacturer of a cheap auto looked up the records of one hundred and fifty of his cars. He found that other owners had driven them an average of nine thousand miles each at an average outlay of \$10 each for repairs. The cars had averaged eighteen miles per gallon of gasoline.

The expense of maintenance, however, is more than offset by the many economies of owning an automobile.

The country doctor who owns a car finds the territory in which he can practice extended to a radius of fifty miles, while twenty miles is the extreme limit a doctor depending on a horse and buggy can hope to cover with safety to his patients and profit to himself.

Surrounding every large city is a rapidly increasing class of suburbanites who save time, which is said to be money, save doctors' bills, which is worth more than can be computed in dollars and cents, by taking a fine driving morning and evening, and save railroad fares by using automobiles.

Buyers of grapes, fruit, and cattle find the automobile of inestimable value, for it enables them to cover ten times the territory that they could otherwise. On many of the ranches of the West and Southwest where horses are cheap and abundant the foremen use light cars to get around in. No matter how many horses they used these men simply would not do as much work nor do it as well as they can do it with an auto.

Country merchants living within forty or fifty miles of a jobbing centre are relieved of the necessity of carrying large stocks, as the automobile will bring them small supplies on very short notice.

W. G. Raish, of Clarke, Nebraska, concluded to move to California, so he loaded his family and belongings, including tent, bedding, gasoline stove, etc., to a total of 2,000 pounds, on an automobile and started across the plains just as they did in '43, only he made better time.

Real estate agents find the automobile the greatest promoter of business

they have yet discovered. They get potential customers across to their office and whirl them out to remote properties in such quick time that the victim imagines he is right in town and so magnifies the bargain he is offered. Being exhilarated, too, with the swift ride in the open air, he closes the deal out of hand. The awakening comes when he founders over the weary way with a horse and wagon.

The farmer, however, is the man who gets the worth of his money out of an automobile. It is priceless in running errands in the busy season. It is no effort at all to lift a can of milk or a small lot of fruit, eggs or other produce into an auto and take them to the creamery or to market and get back home before the dew is off the grass. It can be used as a motor for shredding corn, elevating grain, pumping water, churning, sawing wood, etc.

No wonder the automobile manufacturers are paying particular attention to the requirements of the farmer, and even building special types for him. These include low-priced cars with detachable tonneau, which, with a slight twist of the wrist, so to speak, can be transformed from a family carriage into a market wagon, or vice versa, and high-wheeled or buggy-type cars that will straddle the deeply gullied roads of the prairies or the stumps and stones of the Pacific Northwest.

The latter type has been developed to a degree surprising to the confirmed city dweller. No fewer than forty concerns are engaged in their manufacture, of which eleven are in the State of Indiana. Twenty thousand of the hundred and fifty thousand cars built in 1910 will be of the high-wheeled type.

In brief, the automobile is getting into the hands of the people just as fast as the two hundred million dollars invested in its manufacture and distribution can place it there. Just as rapidly the time is approaching when it will cease to be a nine days' wonder, when manufacturers will have to pay regular rates for their press notices, and when the popular prejudice against the automobile will take its place in the museum of history along with the once prevalent belief that "love apples," otherwise tomatoes, were poisonous.



LEW FIELDS AND HELEN BATES IN "OLD BUTY"

The Popularity of Melodrama on the Stage

Channing Pollock, dramatic critic, gives a general view of what is going on in New York theatres at the present time in the Green Book Album for March. He singles out Clyde Fitch's last work, "The City," produced at the Lyric theatre, as the most successful of the fourteen new plays which have been on the boards since Christmas. It is a melodrama in which a subject of general concern is rather inconclusively argued, and in which a set of stirring circumstances

leads into a big scene of truly terrific power.

Fitch meant "The City" to be a demonstration of the manner in which life is a great community develops all that is worst in weak characters. This purpose is not accomplished. The five people whom the author uses in manifestation are no more despicable when the play ends than they were when it began. The sin that is the foundation of their tragedy is committed during their stay in the country, and its consequences must have overtaken them in Middlebury as surely as in New



FANNY HAMMETT

York. "The City," therefore, has to be considered simply as a melodrama, and its success, credited to the dynamic force of the scene already mentioned and to the remarkable acting of the chief figure in that scene, Fanny Hammett.

The hands are the most highly respected citizens of Middleburg, where the head of the family, George Rand,

owns a bank and a closet containing one of the finest skeletons in captivity. From this closet, early in the first act, there emerges an illegitimate son, who, in addition to being a blackmailer, is accustomed to permitting himself such minor indiscretions as the use of the hypodermic needle. This man, George Frederick Hanneck, is ignorant of his relationship to Rand, but, armed with the knowledge that his mother was seduced by the banker and that the bank itself has been plundered by its guardian, he has lived a life of ease on money extorted from his father, George Rand, Jr., overbearing part of the last purchase of science, is told the whole truth after which the white squallor of Middleburg comes into a room of woe. R. and dies of an apoplectic stroke.

George Rand, Jr., and Mother Rand, and the two evil Rands have spent a large part of the first act begging the master of these houses to take up his residence in New York. We are not surprised, then, several months and one intermission later, to find the remnant of the family in town, where the eldest son is about to be nominated for the governorship. George, moved by a strong sense of duty, has given his half-brother employment as his secretary, though he has confided to no one the facts of the relationship. Hanneck takes an injection of morphine in full view of the audience, insects upon being bribed by the campaign manager, who notifies Rand of the honor in store for him, and finally declares himself in love with Rand's youngest sister, Cicely. It is at this spot that Fitch enters into what undoubtedly is the strongest single incident to be found in any of his half hundred plays.

Rand, horrified at the revelation made to him, implores Hanneck to give up Cicely, upon a reason which he dare not put into words. The secretary replies that they were married that morning. Struck dumb for a moment by this confession, Rand insists that the two most part immediately and forever, finally striking Hanneck full in the face with the information that he is wedded to his own sister. Hanneck, staring across the table at the divulger of this monstrous secret, cries: "You're a ——— liar!" The phrase isn't a pretty one, spoken on the stage, but it probably is just what would have been said by Hanneck, and its effect is electric. The man refuses to believe what has been told him. It is a trick, he cries—a trick to keep him away from the woman he loves. They won't be separated by any such falsehood. He calls Cicely, who is in the next room, and asks her to renounce her family and

go away with him. Cicely consents, and Rand proceeds to carry into effect his threat that, if need be, he will tell the girl herself why the fulfillment of her marriage is impossible. Hanneck, goaded to frenzy, draws a revolver, and, to prevent his bride's hearing the truth, shoots her dead. Rand looks him in the room and sends for the police.

What follows really baffles description. It is almost too dreadful, too gruesome, too wholly pathological for exposition in a theatre, but there can be no denying its tremendous grip and power. Hanneck, a moral and physical degenerate, a nervous wreck, a mental ruin, is utterly crushed by the series of calamities that has fallen upon him. Tortured by fear and grief and impotent hatred, facing inevitable doom, writhing helpless in the irresistible grasp of his enemy, he stammers, cries, makes marionette sounds, beats his head upon the floor and in every other conceivable way demonstrates the reptilian loathsomeness of the most repulsive type of human being that his rat-a-corner denunciation of his tormentor awakens in Rand a tardy comprehension of his own moral obliquity in a development of the theme that abstracts from rather than adds to the nerve-racking stress of the situation. It is unbelievable that any man, no matter how great an artist, the victim of

such a tragedy as this, facing the murderer of their sister, not fifty feet away from the spot where the body of that sister is lying, would indulge himself in introspection. Certainly, the audience does not devote much attention to this self-probing, focusing its eyes upon the horrid spectacle of the terrorized creature, who, baffled in his attempt to compass self-destruction by showing how his suicide would hide the disgrace of the Rands, finally drops at the feet of his persecutor, groveling in the dirt, as the curtain falls.

The third and last act of the drama, which is supposed to occur three hours later, is not particularly important. It shows the Rands gathering up the tangled threads of their lives, and preparing, after an oratorical discussion of the influence of the city, to return to Middleburg. George, who has lost the coveted nomination, nevertheless retains his sweetheart, and, with her as his inspiration, announces his intention of beginning again, this time on sound moral ground, his fight for worldly success. None of this is particularly convincing when one remembers the dead girl in the next room, and, as I said in the beginning, the author has not succeeded in showing that the city had anything to do with the tragedy of his play.



FRANK WILSON, WHISPERED WEST AND FANNY HAMMETT DAVID IS THE LAST ACT OF "THE DAUGHTER OF THE CITY"



KATHARINE McDUGALL

A TALENTED YOUNGSTER GIRL, WHO IS PLAYING
LEANDRO BELLER IN A NEWER COMPANY AT
THE CHERRY TREE THEATRE,
BURLINGAME, CALIF.

Mr. Pollock also describes the plot of "The Lily," which has been adapted from the French of Pierre Wolff and Gaston Leroux by David Belasco.

The Comte de Maligny, a bankrupt and wholly selfish old roue, has two daughters who practically are heiresses in his chateau. Finding his own relaxation in Paris, this nobleman sees no reason why the lives of his children should not be given wholly to the care of him and his house. Odette, the elder of the pair, has had a love affair many years before the beginning of the play, but has been induced to give up her suit and resign herself to spinsterhood. This she does without complaint, and her father succeeds in believing that she is happy. Christiane, when

she grows into young womanhood, bitterly resents her confinement, and, becoming enamored of an artist, Georges Armand, who is painting in the neighborhood, permits him to court her by her means of secret messages and meetings. Emile Ploek, a wealthy cotton merchant, whose daughter is to marry De Maligny's son, Maximilian, learns of this wooing, and breaks off the match between his daughter Lucie and the Viscount.

De Maligny, apprised of the reason for the break, cannot believe that Christiane would have been so base as to disobey him. He compels her to write a note summoning her lover, and waits for the coming of Armand. The letter has been sent unopened; if the painter responds it will prove that he recognizes the handwriting and has been accustomed to receiving similar communications. The scene of waiting is full of suspense, and it is followed by an exceptionally tense interview, in which Armand, caught in the trap, tries to convince his host that his visit had nothing to do with the letter. When he has gone, there ensues a violent scene between Christiane and her father. The Comte orders her to her room, presumably with the intention of beating her, and Christiane is shrieking for mercy when Odette, therefore a model of silence, discretion and obedience, turns upon the old scoundrel, her father, drawing a vivid portrait of his wretched selfishness and of her own suffering through years of empty-heartedness. She whom her father thought happy, wearing her poor hands to the bone in his service, has never ceased to wait for her lover, to mourn him and bewail his baseness to years in silence for the blessings of widowhood and motherhood. This situation is one of amazing power, so universal in its humaneness that the audience is moved to sympathy and to enthusiasm despite the fact that the greater part of it never heard of another household in which such parental despotism could be maintained.

For some reason not quite clear, the existence of an acquaintance not having been required for her father to end the engagement of Odette, the artist who loves Christiane already has a wife. This is said to be the way with artists, and perhaps Mr. Belasco married off Armand for the sake of verisimilitude. At all events, the Comte de Maligny, in the end, is persuaded to go to that dear Paris, and Christiane to wait for her lover to get a divorce, a proceeding that, in France, occupies three years. One doesn't draw the conclusion altogether satisfactory. One knows artists almost as well as Mr. Belasco seems to know them, and one feels pretty sure

that, long before the three years are up, M. Armand won't be able to recall whether Christiane was the girl with the red hair whom he met in Normandy or that delightful little thing with the brown eyes who used to pose for him in Bordeaux.

Whatever happened to Christiane while we were disposing of our lobster and snuffy ale, in a fifth act that was never written, Odette's orphan at the

end of the third act is what keeps a two-block-long line of carriages in front of the Strayvan. The Lady Wan Goes to the Theatre with Ma was so moved by it that she forgot to powder her nose when it was over, and she begs me, as a personal favor, to say that Nance O'Neil, as Odette, proved herself to be pre-eminently the greatest actress in America.

As America Does

By Anne Warner

From the Grand Magazine

DARE promised to call. "I know you'll like her," Kitty said earnestly; "of course, she has different ideas from us—all French girls have—but she likes the way we do, and, really, she speaks English very well indeed."

"That's good," said Dare, "because I don't know a word of French."

"And she's pretty," said Kitty, the blonde; "she's dark and has most beautiful eyes. And she's very rich—awfully rich for Europe, and her mother is a real, true, live Countess by her second marriage."

Dare, who had begun by being quite interested, lost all interest in the visitor that was-to-come at that. He had no time for the sort of girl that a Count and a fortune have much to do with—he was too busy. A strange girl is always interesting to meet, but an heiress with a countess for a mother was altogether outside the pale of his consideration. He was always nice to visiting girls—when he had time to be so—but this one would be more than able to dispense with his attentions, he felt; all the other men would fill her days easily enough. So, as business pressed especially hard just then, Dare went ahead with his work and failed to find time to call as he had promised.

It was one Sunday three weeks after her arrival that Delphine saw him first. She noted at once the tired, white-looking man standing on the other side of the golf-course watching someone drive off with eyes that saw and saw not at the same time.

"Who does—who is that?" she asked Kitty.

"That?—oh, that's Lenox Dare—I told you about him—you know?—the nice man who is always too busy to be nice. Such a pity, too."

Delphine looked across the green strip at the tired, white face.

"I wish he called," she said simply.

"He promised to call," said Kitty. "He was so nice about it, too—he's always so nice—but he's so busy."

"He should play this," said Delphine; "it does good, this game. He should—he might—he ought to play a game; he is too tired-looking."

"Yes," said Kitty, "it would do him a lot of good, but he says he doesn't have time. He's so ambitious in his profession."

"What does he then? How works, what works, what does he for work?"

"Oh, he's a lawyer, a young lawyer, you know."

"He looks to us now," said Delphine, observant.

"I'll call him over," Kitty said.

Then she called him, and Dare came over and was glad to see them both and to meet the stranger. He looked at her in a very straight-forward manner, and she returned his look with wide-eyed sincerity.

Kitty asked him to stay and take dinner with her aunt's little party, but he couldn't do that.

"It would mean the evening," he said, "and I must be back in town before seven."

Then he took them to the club-house and gave them tea, talking always to Kitty, but looking at Delphine with that same wide, earnest gaze which she kept returning each time.

"You'll come and see us now, won't you, Mr. Dare?" Kitty asked as they rose from the table.

"Yes," said Dare, "I will. I'll try to come soon."

When he was gone, Kitty asked her friend what she thought of him.

"He is very fine," Delphine replied slowly, "but so white. It is a pity to be white like that."

"That's because he works so hard," said Kitty.

Dare called the next evening, and with the next evening his troubles began. He found himself looking to Delphine each instant, and only the comprehension of her return look bridged the chasm between their lives.

For there was a chasm, and the man measured its depth at once. Chasms do not count for difficulty unless one wants something that happens to be situated on the other side. But if that happens—

Delphine's ways were not Dare's ways, and that was the first depth that opened between them. It was deep and wide and no heart might hope to bridge it lightly. The difference was not just a difference of race and habits, it extended all through the daily life of each. But, like all great things, it betrayed itself in those arrow-shots of circumstance which we call mere trifles.

Delphine languidly declared she was becoming more American each day. "I shall learn even to cook and to wash with my hands things," she said merrily, but the next instant she discovered a tiny rip in the trimming of her blouse, and forthwith benighted the absence of her maid.

"See, I am—how do you say?—all raggy. I need Louise, but it is not possible for her here, one knows," and she sighed, looking disconsolately at her sleeve.

"It's such a tiny little tear," said Dare, trying to be consoling, "no one would see it."

"Ah, but me—I see it. And who is she that matters when I am always knowing that I have this tear?"

Then she sighed again, and Dare, noting, with a man's apprehension, the beauty and costliness of the torn blouse, felt a sharp desire to sigh also.

But that was only a little way into the chasm.

The house where Delphine was visiting was not so very large, although much larger than Dare's wife might ever expect to live in, and yet—

"I choke in these little rooms to-night," said the count's step-daughter; "all rooms in that land of mine are high."

"They must be very cool in summer," said Dare gently. His head ached and he passed his hand wearily over his forehead. "It is hot here," he added.

"Yes," said Delphine, "and you are tired. Too—oh, I see so plain when that is so! You are more tired these last days."

"I haven't slept much at night lately," he said; "it isn't anything, though."

He looked at her and smiled, and an answering smile dawned in her dark eyes.

"You should sleep," she advised gravely.

"You think so," he laughed; "then I'll try."

But he did not sleep on that night either, nor on the next, nor the next.

The chasm kept him awake. It was so black and so awful, and he was so tired—so lonely—so full of distress.

But the worst of all that lay between them was her foreign speech. She spoke French, and so did Kitty, and so did all Kitty's family. When Delphine was puzzled they all hesitated to make things clear to her in French, and Dare would have to sit by unable to understand one word until the difficulty over—they returned to English—and him.

Sometimes Delphine, unable to explain herself when alone with him, would also burst forth in French, and only the sight of his puzzled patience recalled her to herself with apologies for her lack of English words.

"Oh, I'm of another world!" she exclaimed once.

"Yes, that you are," he said, very quietly; "we must try not to ever forget that, you and I."

"No," she said, coming nearer, for they were out walking; "no, that I meant not. The same world—the same God—for both. Is it not so?"

"Perhaps," said Dare, with his pleasant smile. "We'll hope so, until you go, anyway."

"Until you go—"

The words fell heavily upon her ear. She had to look the other way for a minute before she could laugh again. But then she laughed.

"The birds sing—listen!" she cried, almost gaily.

"Yes, I hear them," said the man. And thereupon she began to sing herself, very softly and prettily and sweetly, in French.

"If you could know that!" she said. "My nurse sang so by my cradle that song sings in my heart when I am happy—yes, always."

"Then you are happy to-day?"

"Oh, so happy—and you?"

"What does it matter? Of course, I am happy, if you are."

"Ah, but if you only knew French! If you only knew my tongue!"

He turned his quiet smile towards hers of radiating brightness.

"Would it help at all, do you think?" he asked.

Although he meant it in half-banter, the echo of his words was sadly wistful—sufficiently sad and sufficiently wistful to quickly make her laughter fade into earnestness equalling what he felt without intending his life feeling to be seen.

"Ah!" she said, with a quick indrawn breath, a quick attempt at the old wide gaze and a sudden inability of accomplishment; "ah! but that would be wonderful—to speak to you—just you of everyone—in my own speech."

Dare looked at her and his hand went to his forehead with the old gesture of a fatigued brain dictating its constant call for solace; it was a gesture of which he himself was unconscious, so habitual had both gesture and weariness now become. He was considering a resolution, and as he was one who did not make resolutions to break them, he gave a minute's frowning thought to this one.

Before Dare spoke again two gentlemen passed driving. Both bowed and Dare responded mechanically.

"Those are the members of the firm," he said presently, having made the resolution for good and all now. "The horses were very beautiful," said Delphine, looking after them.

She did not now know that both the men were even then speaking of herself and Dare.

"Too bad so nice a girl to appear before he's on his feet," remarked the senior partner, who had been born to brains and a fortune, too.

"Yes, he can't marry yet a while," said the junior pleasantly.

"But she has money, hasn't she?" the senior queried.

"Yes; but he isn't that kind," the other answered.

Then the fine horses carried them swiftly on to other topics of conversation.

The next day Dare, who was down town at an unconsciously early hour and read at night to an extent that would likely use up his eyes before

he was thirty-five, curtailed the time he allowed himself at noon for lunch and a quick walk, and set about keeping his new resolution. He disappeared, and for the next two weeks he continued to vanish every noon directly he had swallowed some coffee and anything that was food and took so little to prepare. No one knew where he went, and he told no one, but in close connection with the stolen half-hour was a little book he carried in his pocket and a new tax on the already overtaxed mind. He was not fit for any new tax; he was looking very bad indeed these days—painfully thin and white. And now, he began to alter, almost from hour to hour. At the office they offered him a fortnight's holiday, but he refused. He did not want to go away.

Delphine's visit was drawing to an end, and the roses were fading on her cheeks, too. Dare, who never knew what he himself looked like, noticed the fading roses quickly enough.

"It's this cold country," he said; "you must be getting back home."

"Ah, no?" said the girl, with a protest of pain in her denial; "the cold—but I like it. I am very well. Believe me."

"But you're paler than you used to be," said the man, oblivious of his own deathly whiteness. "You were always so full of light and color."

Delphine looked up, and her eyes met his in a sort of shock of reticence and confession.

"But you are always so," she said, almost with tears. Her French bringing-up clashed sadly with her American predilections as she spoke. "I am always thinking how you look now," she added, choking.

Dare was too dizzy at that instant to speak. The world often took a sudden double swing round him now. He put his hand to his head.

"I know," he said, after a little; "I am pale, but it's natural to me. I work pretty hard, too, you know, and lately I haven't slept at all hardly."

"I don't sleep also—"

She looked at him, tears again close, her lip quivering in spite of herself.

"Why?" she asked childishly.

He hesitated.

Then he took courage; a sort of boyish flush came over his face, and he said, smiling slightly:

"*Mais, je ne sais pas.*"

For one second she stared, startled, then all the lost color streamed into her cheeks.

"Oh," she cried delightedly, "you have learned that for me!—you have been learning my tongue!"

The secret of the half-hour daily was out. He had his reward, or thought he had it.

She seemed so utterly overjoyed that he could not trust himself to look at her.

"I haven't got very far," he confessed; "it's awfully hard for me to get any time."

"But I shall now help you—I shall teach you."

Her happiness was intense.

He realized then how far he—she—they both had gone. It frightened him, for it could not be. The pain in his head, and the loneliness, had led him beyond his depth, into the very chaos itself. He turned away in spirit. No, it might so be. But it was terribly hard. It was harder than he had anticipated.

He managed to live the evening somehow. When it was over and he was back in his shabby room with its piles of second-hand law-books, he sat down on the side of the bed, bowed his racked head within his hands, and told himself what an awful fool he was.

"She'll be in her own home again in a month," he said. When the dawn broke he realized that he had been sitting for hours repeating that single sentence over and over.

And then he realized nothing more.

On the evening of that day they took him to the hospital with brain-fever.

It was one afternoon in February that Kitty took upon herself the office

of Good Samaritan and Lady Ambassador combined. Of course, she and some others had kept close track of poor Dare and his battle for life as he lay in delirium, raving French grammar mixed with the single phrase, "She'll be in her own home again in a month."

Kitty knew it all, and had wept with, and for, Delphine. And now, she was to visit him and speak to him, and actually see what was left of the lonely, worn man, who had gone down to the very gates of Death, and returned so slowly to life again.

She felt herself trembling as she followed the Sister along the corridor. The very violets she had brought seemed to sympathize, hiding the dew-drops in their own blue eyes against her bosom as she walked.

Dare was expecting her and was on the couch; only a wreck of himself—but alive.

"It's so good of you," he said, as the nurse placed a chair for the caller; "it's very kind."

"I wanted to come," said Kitty, trying to be quite natural and acting very quietly. "Shall I sit here? Oh, dear, but it's a table, isn't it? And Delphine sent the violets—oh, I wasn't to tell you—"

She stopped, appalled at her disclosure.

"She hasn't gone, then?" said Dare, taking the flowers in his terribly thin hand. "Sister, will you get a vase, please?"

His nurse went for one at once.

"No, she isn't gone," said Kitty, seeing the chair which had been placed for her when she entered, and seating herself conventionally this time. "She has been here all winter. She's very well and happy."

"I'm so glad," said Dare.

"Yes," said Kitty vaguely, "it's nice, isn't it? And she was so touched by the thought of your studying French. She keeps speaking about it."

"It was rather stupid of me, I'm afraid," said Dare; "it was the straw that broke the camel's back."

"Yes," said Kitty, always ready to be agreeable; "but you'll soon be well now. They say you'll be out by Easter. Delphine is so glad."

Dare looked towards the window and smiled a little.

"I hope so," he said, not referring to Delphine, but to Easter and its promise.

Then there was a slight pause.

"I'm not tiring you, am I?" Kitty asked anxiously. "Delphine wanted to come, but mamma thought she'd better not. She—you—she isn't as calm as I am, you know."

"It was so good of you to come," Dare said again.

Kitty smoothed the fur on her muff. "You know Delphine is so funny," she said; "she had some money the other day and she invested it in the Glenn house—you know the Glenns wanted to sell it and take a flat."

"The Glenn house?" said Dare.

"Oh, dear, I haven't excited you, have I?—because I mustn't. If I excite you, Delphine might just have come as well, too. Oh, she is getting so American! She went down town alone in a street-car the other day. She was so pleased with herself."

"You don't excite me," said Dare; "but tell me why she's bought a house. Is she going to get married?"

"Oh, no—oh, dear me, no! Oh, no! Why, she never thought of such a thing." Kitty seemed completely at a loss at the mere notion of Delphine's contemplating such absurdity. "But, you see, that Count in France, who has married her mother, doesn't like her, and she isn't going back there. She has hardly ever lived at home, you know."

"Is she going to live here, then?"

"Yes, she is," said Kitty; "she wanted me to tell you. Mrs. Denbigh is going to live with her. She is furnishing the house now. We go into town every day and buy things. It's such fun. Delphine says it's so American to furnish your own house. She likes our ways more and more every day."

Dare leaned back and shut his eyes.

"Dear Kitty," he said faintly, "I'm afraid I must be quiet—I'm so weak."

The Sister came in with the violets in a vase just then, and Kitty went hastily away, fearful that she had excited him after all.

But she came again another day, and many other days, and told Dare of Delphine and her house, and tried to tell Delphine of Dare, but there was so little to tell. Dare had made another resolution now, and became as colorless in character as in face in consequence.

"I am going away next week," he said one day, when Easter was quite near, "and for a long time."

"What?" cried Kitty.

"I wanted to be sure of my plans before I said anything, but now everything is arranged, I'm going to the woods down in Florida for ever so long. You must say good-bye to Delphine for me."

Kitty sat dumb—aghast.

"Perhaps I shall never come back," said Dare, quite steadily. "I'm afraid I can't stand the shut-up life of a profession. It looks that way."

Kitty was too overcome to express herself. She hardly had strength to get away and to Delphine, and tell her it all in the same breath.

The French girl sat quite still. She had changed mightily since the last time she had seen Dare, and her face had altered into a new expression. She was in her own home now—the oval little nest which love had built to house its dreams.

When Kitty had finished, Delphine said with decision:

"He is very right. He must go to the forest. There is no other place."

"Delphine!" stammered her friend.

"Hush! He is very right. He is very right."

It was not Kitty who came next day during the visitors' hour—it was Delphine herself.

Dare was greatly surprised when he saw her enter just as his nurse had taken his tray away and he was looking listlessly out upon the garden

square. But he was much more surprised when she came beside him and, kneeling there, drew his wasted hand into hers, and, lifting up her big sweet eyes, began to speak.

"I am come to beg to go too," she said steadily, but with her cheeks shining as in daylight. "I have thought it all out. I, too, have slept very little for a long time. I am come to beg to go too."

"Delphine!" he stammered, as Kitty had stammered.

"I love you," said the girl. "I have watched in spirit by you all these weeks. I love you dearly." Her face flamed yet more brightly. "And you love me. The little phrase in my tongue showed me that. It was not a small thing for you to do that—as you work. Stupid pride and stupid money shall not part we two. I will not let it do so. I am no longer of France—I am of America. The women are not to be held back here. I must have my will. So I beg—oh, with all my full heart—I beg that I go too."

Dare felt his brain reeling.

"I bought a little house here," Delphine went on. "I wanted to show this was my country. I have worked with a teacher—your tongue is mine too, now. My family do not want me—I am alone like you. There is no one to stand against us. The forest that will cover you will cover me too. I beg that I go too. I beg it, and, besides, you must allow it. No one denies what a woman asks here. I must go too."

"You bewilder me," said Dare. "I can't think." His hand went to his head.

But Delphine, reaching quickly, caught it again in hers and kissed it tenderly. "I have learned much this winter," she said. "I am no longer young and laughing. When one comes or sends daily to the hospital gates, one learns what life is, and what life was and what life may be. I have learned. You see, I have learned. But I must go too."

"But—" said the man.

"No," she said, "you cannot talk. You are ill. You must not say a word. And you must not try to think. There will be a nurse for you, and I shall be there too. We shall go to the forest for Easter. Now you see what America does for a French girl. I come alone to the man I love, and ask him to take me with him, and am not at all ashamed."

She smiled her radiant smile at that, but the big tears stood in her eyes. Then she rose.

"How can I—" Dare began in protest.

And then she stooped and laid her face against the forehead that had lined itself so deep in nights gone by.

"I only have ten minutes," she whispered; "the Sister comes again now. Do not quarrel with me. Nothing can cure me or help me. That first day, across the green of the golf place, I knew you. And you knew me. Say that you will take me with

you, and then I will kiss you quite nicely and go."

Again the last straw.

"You shall go," Dare murmured. "Oh, Delphine, God has been very good to me!"

"You are a real American man," she said, laughing with trembling lips. "You obey so prettily. Ah! here is the Sister. Dear Sister, help him to get well quickly, for next week we go away."

"So!" said the Sister.

Delphine was standing by the door, her eyes shining. And now her old merry smile returned.

"We shall be married, you know, Sister," she said laughing; "I forgot to tell him that."

The Sister laughed too. Then the girl fled, leaving her radiance behind her until she should come back to lend the man who lay there forth with her, to live for ever after in the full glory of love's light.

Planning One's Life

By NEWELL DWIGHT HILLS

Planning one's life a week, a month, and a year in advance helps. A tree is compacted of innumerable leaves, twigs and boughs. And life for three-score years must be a solid piece of workmanship. No mistakes can be greater than for the young tree to think it can sow its wild oats by trifling with moles at the root and borers in the trunk, with the idea that when thirty summers have passed over it the rotten heart of the oak will become sound, solid wood. Man's thoughts, loves, plans are like his arms—long, though the days are short. No one can despise his childhood and safely fling away his youth. It is a singular fact that all young people want to be older and all old people want to be younger, and that both, by neglecting their present to gaze into a far away realm, fling away their opportunity. Old men know that if there only was some fountain of eternal youth they would spend their whole life in search for it. It then, experienced man had

learned to put a true and high value upon youth, why should not young men take their youth at the estimate that wisdom places upon it? For there is nothing that the youth could do that has even been done. He has only to lay out his life in advance, as the architect lays out the plan of his house. If his message to the world is trade, it is given him to make commerce more and more honorable. Is his life work culture, let him maintain a scholar's stainless name. Is his task art, music, or eloquence, let him sing for the estate, paint for the State, speak for the people, with a single eye, doing it for man's sake and for God's sake in the presence of his Great Taskmaster. But whatever he does, he must have a distinct goal before him. He must, with a powerful will, adhere to his purpose, must organize and unify his life, and make his plans march like a regiment toward certain victory.

System and Business Management

Methods of Checking Expense Details

By Edward L. Wedeles

Condensed from *System Magazine*

In every establishment there are two kinds of expense, productive and non-productive. Productive expense is the investment of money in salesmanship, labor, rent, advertising, and all those tangible and intangible commodities that go to make up the conduct of an establishment. It is an outgo that brings dividends, directly or indirectly. The principal items of productive expense may be likened to the parts of a machine; the smaller items are the oil that keeps the whole machine running smoothly.

Non-productive expense is waste, though it often masquerades under false colors. It is the money that gets away without bringing any return whatever. It is the drain that saps the life of a business and perhaps destroys it. Not always is non-productive expense easily detected, for it may be cleverly hidden. An incompetent or lazy employee may give in service less than he receives in salary; a team may be idle for a day; an advertisement may be poorly devised and cost more than it returns in business. These losses are more difficult to discover than the actual waste of some commodity that can be weighed or measured, but they are none the less non-productive expense.

To distinguish between these two varieties of expense, therefore, is important. To do so requires the exercise of the intellect in a double ca-

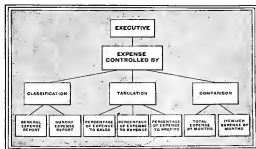
capacity; first, judgment; second, system.

The line of demarcation may be hard to find. For example, artificial light is a productive expense, because without it the transactions of store or office would cease. But just how much light is needed, is a different question. Should there be ten, twenty or thirty lamps? Can two persons use the same light? These are matters to be determined by the judgment, not by bookkeeping or statistics. Eyesight, health, efficiency, are all to be considered. No mathematics will determine for you just where the light bill ceases to be a productive expense and becomes non-productive.

But take two electric light meters, each supplying the same number of lamps under the same conditions, and let one show double the expense of the other in a given period.

The question is no longer one of judgment, but of system. Indeed, it must be system itself that discovers for you this non-productive expense. You may have the best judgment in the world on all matters involving business logic, but if you have an inadequate expense system the drain on the cash-drawer will go unchecked.

A satisfactory system by which a managing executive may watch and control the expense of his establishment involves three things: classifica-



A GRAPHIC ILLUSTRATION OF HOW EXPENSE IS CONTROLLED BY CAREFUL CLASSIFICATION SHOWING THE DIFFERENTIATION OF RECORDS TO SIMPLIFY THE SUPERVISION OF EXPENSE

tion, tabulation, comparison. These make up the means of discovering non-productive expense, so far as ink and paper can show it.

In classification, it is scarcely possible to go too much into detail. The modern tendency is to divide and subdivide expense outgo until there is no possibility of classifying it further. It is only through these minute classifications that tabulation and comparison have their full value. For example, take the electric light meters just referred to. Suppose no individual record was kept of each meter, but all were charged against one general account, light. The waste would go on undetected. Carry the illustration further. Suppose that individual records were kept of each meter, but not tabulated. Or suppose, again, that the meters were all classified separately and tabulated, but no one made the comparison. These three elements, it will be seen, are vitally connected one with another.

I believe it possible to classify business expense to the point where the untaxed items are almost infinitesimal. In our own business we classify and tabulate ninety-nine and eight-

tenths per cent. of expenses. Our tabulations run back without a break for many years.

Expense items reach my desk daily in the form of entries in two books entitled "General Expense, Classified," and "Sundry Expense, Classified." These books are ruled like a double-column journal, but are divided into accounts like a ledger, a certain number of pages being set apart for each classification of expense. A bookkeeper posts these books from the general cash book, entering items in the left-hand column, and in the body of the page a full identification or explanation of the item. At the close of the month the footings are extended to the right-hand column.

The accounts are arranged alphabetically, and indexed. In the book entitled "General Expense, Classified," accounts are as follows:

Advertising, including only general advertising not subject to classification against particular brands of goods.
 Agencies, embracing reports of all kinds on customers.
 Attorneys' fees and court costs.
 Brokers, including travelers' salaries at branches.
 Teamage, done by teams other than our own.

Charity, covering contributions to institutions and the like.
Cost books, or daily price sheets sent to travelers.

Fuel.
Furniture and tools, including office furniture, alterations in partitions or railings, and smaller tools and appliances, such as hammers, saws, etc. Larger apparatus and implements, such as typewriters and adding machines, are charged to property accounts.

Insurance.
Light.
Mail order department.
Meals, including expenses of employees working overtime.

Office salaries, covering wages of every kind except those in the shipping department, which are charged to Sundry salaries.

Power.
Postage.
Rent.
Sundry salaries.
Stationery.
Sundries, unclassified in this book.

Taxes.
Teaming, by our own wagons.
Telegrams.
Telephones.

Travelers' salaries, including those of buyers, department managers and the officials who control them; in our business we have no account directly representing travelers' traveling expense, for we allow our travelers a given sum to cover both salary and expense.

At the close of each month the totals from these classified expense accounts are transferred to the "Comparative Expense Book," ruled like a trial-balance sheet, so that the various items are arranged in tables for comparison month by month. These monthly totals, in turn, are classified by years and arranged for comparison.

From the book called "General Expenses, Classified" is made up the secondary book, "Sundry Expenses, Classified." These accounts are now sub-divided under the following headings:

Cleaning windows. Repairs.
Done to associations. Rubbish, including cleaning refuse.
Exchequer. Safe, in safety deposit vaults.
Lundry.

Elevators, also class-Smoking, covering cigars given customers elsewhere.
Matches.
Soap.
Milk, for cats kept in building.
Miscellaneous, including items that cannot be classified.
Nails.
Newsapers.
Packing materials.
Petty expense.
Paper, used in wrapping.
Tins.
Tickets, purchased of solicitors for entertainments, and so on.
Water, for drink in tanks.
Washing service.

The totals from this book are, of course, included in the tabulated recapitulations in the "Comparative Expense Books."

The two books, "General Expense, Classified" and "Sundry Expense, Classified," are valuable as a medium for the methodical scrutiny of daily items. From them an executive can watch the outgo in all its details and ramifications. Expense might be compared to a group of water-courses draining some common region. In every direction the streams flow, all centering from the same source. Some of them are only rivulets, some creeks, some rivers, but all drawing away the same waters. To get a bird's-eye view of this group of streams, one must mount an eminence. To attempt to follow each separately would be a long and tedious task, but from an elevation the course of every one may be studied.

So, too, the business executive can scan the expense streams from the eminence of his own desk if he has the proper system. No rivulet will be too small to see. Each entry will be itemized under its proper classification. In running through the accounts every morning he can place his finger on items that appear too large, or uncalled for, or which need explanation. He can point out the spots where expense streams must be dammed.

Expense is best controlled by centralizing its supervision. All its ramifications should be subject to some system that reduces them to this daily

scrutiny of the higher executive. And, necessarily, all the items must be condensed in form, though minutely classified. The executive's expense records should be permanent, in the form of books. The detached report sheet is bulky and inconvenient to handle. The most efficient record lies in the executive's private account books.

But the classified and comparative books named make up only one step in the controlling of expense. They give the executive a daily, monthly, and yearly scrutiny, but their statistical value is as yet imperfect. Their figures represent money, not percentages. In keeping the various items of expense at their proper ratio, percentage statistics play an important role. The more detailed these statistical tables are, the more efficient will be the executive's supervision of outgo. The deadly parallel is used here, not to show similarities, but to reveal incongruities, dissimilarities. Expense, as a rule, is governed by fixed or progressive percentages. When there are abrupt variations from this rule, they must be shown up conspicuously on the records. Nothing does this so graphically as percentage tables.

For this purpose we keep a number of books, made up of tabulated percentages, monthly and yearly.

The first gives the percentage of expense to sales. The page is ruled at the left for entering the various classifications, one under another; at the right are perpendicular columns for the percentages. Thus the table shows office expense, salaries, sundry salaries, cartage and the like. The executive, for example, desires to know the ratio of office expense to sales. He turns to the index, finds the table, and running his finger along the designated cross-line, sees at a glance the percentages for each month in the year. Now turning to the yearly table, he compares the years as he did the months.

Going down a line, he follows the ratio that salaries bear to sales, and

so on through all the sub-divisions pertaining to the expense of selling.

The advantage of this record is manifest. All these items bear a natural relationship to the chief classification under which they are grouped—sales. For example, once determine approximately the percentage office expense ought to bear to sales, and you have the key to the subsequent controlling of this item. The ratio may have to be increased gradually because of increased costs, but if you do increase it you do so intelligently. You know exactly why. You do not waste brain force wondering why your selling expense is so big or where you ought to cut. The percentage table shows you just what department is beyond its normal ratio.

The second comparative percentage books shows the ratio of expense to expense. In other words, it shows the ratio each item of expense bears to the total expense.

This book is ruled the same as the other, following out the monthly and yearly percentages in the same manner. For instance, suppose the executive wants to learn what relation his teaming bears to the total cost of conducting his business. He wishes to establish some rule for controlling this item. The percentage rule is an excellent guide. Month by month, year by year, he tabulates his teaming expense in ratios. Without such a table, he must go it blind. There must be wastes he does not detect.

In this book it is scarcely necessary to tabulate with extreme minuteness. The minor classifications detailed in the more general expense books may be omitted and only the more general classifications tabulated. But this book affords opportunity to keep track of expense percentages in any general or special item the executive desires. Every business has its particular departments or phases, especially in need of watching.

The third comparative percentage book gives the ratio of expense to gross merchandise profits. The method

of tabulation is the same as already described. Here, too, the classifications need be less detailed than in the daily and monthly itemized record of expenses.

This book gives the officials a succinct survey of the bearing the expense account has upon the business as a whole. It measures the differ-

ence between income and outgo, and shows in percentages the results of the firm's enterprises. If the ratios shown are too large to harmonize with the amount of capital invested, the various classifications may be analyzed and traced back in ever-increasing detail to the tabulated dollars and cents tables and accounts.

Sharp Bargains Poor Business Policy

By Howard W. Martin

From Office Appliances

ONE often hears of men in business who are close buyers and those of us who are not on the other side of the fence trying to sell something are inclined to admire the shrewdness which will succeed in shaving a few dollars off something that is a bargain at the price offered. Sometimes the "close" buyer is so close that he maintains his reputation at the expense of his opportunities, and pays double and treble price in the loss of friendships and of chances which are not brought to his door on account of the belief that no matter what was offered he would try to shave the offer down to a point where the salesman wouldn't have any commission left on the sale.

It is not the intention of the writer to counsel carelessness in buying, but between carelessness and the other extreme there is room enough for the right degree of care and judgment—indeed, for just that degree of care and foresightedness which makes it evident that the merchant is alive to his own interests and will neither risk his credit nor jeopardize his chance of profit by injudicious purchases. The man who exercises the proper degree of care as to how much he buys and what he pays, and assures himself that he is not paying more than the legitimate market price for goods which

he can fairly see a way of disposing of profitably, earns the respect and the confidence of the salesman and of the houses with which he deals.

Credit is the backbone of business, and there is one man who is in a worse pass than the stingy buyer; he is the easy mark, who bites at everything and is finally swallowed by his creditors, as he inevitably must be. When Jones, salesman for Smith & Co., has a "sticker" and Blinks, the salesman for a rival house, tells him to sell it to Blinks because Blinks will buy anything, it is pretty bad for Blinks. He is marked for slaughter and everybody as soon as the word goes 'round will get busy and load him up past the limit.

But there is another side to the picture. Suppose Jones has something that is really worth while—a lot which he can dispose of at an advantageous figure to make room for something else. If Blinks has the reputation of being "close" as the bark on a tree, the goods will be offered to Goodfellow & Smart, who have a big store on the main street and can dispose of them as leaders—at a profit. Trust the traveling salesman for a man who has parted with his illusions.

Mutual confidence between the buyer and the seller is the basis of commercial success. The buyer who deals fairly with his wholesaler and his

manufacturer earns a regard which never fails to stand him in good stead. Thousands of men have been rescued from ruin because their creditors backed them up and helped them with extensions and with even more active assistance, all because of a confidence and esteem which had grown bigger than dollar for dollar considerations. But apart from this, even if one never needs such extreme help, it pays to trust the house one deals with. It pays to attempt, at least, to practice the Golden Rule. There is a good deal in getting the best end of it, as they say, and many a man owes his success and his position in life largely to the opportunities that others were willing to bring to his door.

In business there are always two equations—the goods one sells and the personality of the man who sells them. The dealer sells his customers a good deal more than the goods they buy—he sells them the service he gives; and his service is based on his own individuality. If he has the qualities of a good merchant, his entire establishment will reflect his mind. He will be orderly, genial, liberal, tactful. He will do all things he ought to do without reason; he will needlessly offend no one. His time will be so ordered that he can see everyone who has legitimate business with him, and when he must say no he frames his negative in such a way as to omit the sting. He will treat buyer and seller with equal fairness and consideration, seeking first, last and all the time to do business as an honorable man ought to do it.

If manufacturers and wholesale houses could make every merchant with whom they deal successful they would do so. A credit man is a two-edged tool—he protects the interests of his house in the giving of credits and by his admonition and suggestion he seeks to help his firm's customers so that they may continue to be successful and proper subjects for the further extension of credit. The interests of no reputable house are conserved by the failure of a customer

where that contingency can be avoided. Business is built not for to-day but for the years to come. A million dollars invested in a wholesale or a manufacturing business cannot turn itself into profits on one or two deals. Its very life depends upon the conservation and support of those minor enterprises upon which it depends as a channel through which to market its product. Its roots are spread all over the country wherever the commercial traveler can penetrate, and no feeder is allowed to die if it can be made a source of profit by any reasonable means. It pays the merchant therefore to get close to the houses with which he deals. It pays him to get acquainted—if he can, let him go to market himself as often as convenient and get in touch with men of bigger minds and broader outlook. He may be assured that he will go home filled with enthusiasm and hope and ideas, and will be better able than before to turn that dead stock that has disgraced his shelves so long into cash with which to buy something that reasonable diligence and industry can move.

The most welcome visitor is not always the big-dealer. Very often the small dealer comes to the market and finds that he has been preceded by a flattering reputation as a live wire. The size of a man's establishment does not always govern the rating the commercial traveler has put upon him. When he meets the salesman who calls upon him and is introduced to the head of the house; when he finds that the big man takes a real interest in what he is doing, wants to know all about his town, about his prospects; when he discovers the flattering fact that the president of the company knows points about his business that he thought nobody outside his own town had discovered, then the small merchant begins to do some thinking. He is prepared then to profit by an occasional suggestion or hint or word of advice dropped with apparent carelessness, and to go home feeling that the hundred dollars he spent was the best investment he ever made.

Publicity, a Creative Force in Business

By

E. St. Elme Lewis

I WANT to talk to you in a free and unprejudiced fashion about the creative power of advertising so little understood, and then to take a bird's eye view, as it were, of where it is leading business.

Advertising is simply the voice of the market place, speaking in the highways and byways to all men. Its animating spirit is educational, as has been said for twenty years. Its first purpose is to educate the people to realize new wants and desires and to create a confidence in the ability of this generation to satisfy these wants.

A vast population, a continent-wide distribution, a busy and changing civilization, an aggressive demand for immediate knowledge of the very latest developments in supply and demand, requires some quicker method than the salesman's visits, more economical than the waiting until a pleased public shall by the slow creepage of satisfaction from man to man wear a pathway to the door of the maker of good goods.

A business-like desire to keep our advertising work well within the requirements of good business; to get our "feet on the ground"; to know where we are going, is leading the most optimistic to an inevitable inquiry as to what we are accomplishing, and how and why. I don't know if there is a final science of advertising—I am sure there is not—but I feel sure there is much more to be found out about the fixed laws that we are not now conscious of—that we shall find these out just as fast as we make the profession of advertising attractive to educated men of trained intelligence.

Probably all of you would like to know just what kind of advertising would pay you the best—just what

you should expect from a certain course of action. But that is not to be desired, for it would lessen competition, and the man who knew would be an enemy of both the people and the market place, and probably would be hung. Yet to lessen the losses from bad practice is a sane ambition and is being realized.

We should advertise because we want to realize our greatest success. I am not impressed with the testimony of the disingenuous veteran in business who confesses himself to be an advertiser and then says: "I have been at it for ten years, and I know less to-day than when I began." He should know more—he should be sure of things, or he should stop advertising and be sure that he gets more business with advertising than without it.

I know experience cannot be generalized, especially when it is disorganized and undigested experience like much of that in advertising, but let's throw aside this pose of childish innocence, and let's, out of deference to our human common sense, once and for all, cease this silly cant of trusting to the god of luck for direction in making one of our largest business investments.

In order for advertising to become the potent creative force of a bigger business for you, for it to achieve even a small part of its possibilities for those interested, we must reform this attitude. We must assume a positive and not a negative attitude, for it is the moral and business coward who has no faith in things as they are, who has no enthusiasm, which is faith on fire, for his future and the future of his business, that makes trouble.

It is the so-called practical man who has stood in the way of development



Fronts Display Counter—FRONT

Better Housing
More Effective
Display and
Quicker Sales!

Such will be the result if you install in your store our up-to-date

Silent Salesmen and Show Cases

Better Housing, because our cases keep your wares dust and dirt proof, hold more goods than most other makes, and arrange them ready to handle with the greatest ease.

More Effective Display, because in them the goods are arranged so that, meeting the casual gaze, they compel attention.

Quicker Sales, because such display has already interested a prospective customer in your goods, and half effected a sale for you.

And by arranging your goods to better advantage, you will be gaining in floor space at your command.

No proposition holds out more possibilities for you! Let us quote you on your requirements.

Catalogue "J" tells how we have helped others to greater profit. Send for it.

We also make all kinds of Office and Bank Fixtures.

Jones Bros.
& Co., Limited

30-32 Adelaide St. West

Toronto, Ont.



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**IDEAL FOR
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Canada First
BRAND

Evaporated Cream

THE AYLMER CONDENSED MILK CO. LTD.
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SAVOY

Castle Brand Collar
Smartly cut — strongly
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W.G.P. MADE

108

Vapo Cresolene
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for Whooping Cough
Croup, Sore Throat
Coughs, Bronchitis
Colds, Diphtheria
Catarrh.

"Used while you sleep."

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever-dreaded Croup cannot exist where Cresolene is used.

It acts directly on the nose and throat, making breathing easy in the case of colds; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough.

Cresolene is a powerful germicide, acting both as a curative and preventative in contagious diseases.

It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use.

For Sale By All Druggists.
Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet.

Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

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